

Graphic



VOL. XXIX Los Angeles, Cal., June 27, 1908. No. 4



**Hear
William
Jennings
Bryan**

We are prepared to fill orders for his ten wonderful records. Just like hearing him from the platform, every accent is plainly distinguished, they are remarkable records. Owners of

EDISON AND OTHER PHONOGRAPHS

should own these ten records, only 35c each—we urge you to come and hear them. Ten subjects are here from his most famous speeches.

We carry everything in Talking Machines, Records, Cabinets, Supplies, Horns.

Our Specialties

The **VICTOR** The **EDISON** The **ZON-O-PHONE**
Any Machine on Easy Payments.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MUSIC Co.**

332-334 South Broadway Los Angeles, Cal

PRICE 10 CENTS

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson - IX

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

One of the most interesting and dramatic (perhaps unfortunate) episodes in the course of Johnson's presidential career was what was commonly termed "The Swing Around the Circle," not familiarly understood by the majority of "Graphic" readers, as the "swing" took place forty-one years ago last October, and the writer of these Reminiscences is the only person living out of the forty odd participants. And he will relate the story of the occurrence more like a raconteur with a good memory than like a historian equipped with severe data and other cold-storage memoranda, thus:

Some time during September, 1866, the President received a letter from a number of prominent gentlemen of Chicago, requesting his presence in that city about the middle of the following month, so that he might participate in the ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the Douglas monument early in October following. President Johnson took three of his staff officers along—Colonel G. W. Moore, since then cashier of the First National Bank in Washington; Colonel Robert Morrow, who committed suicide at the Occidental Hotel about thirty-two years ago, and the writer of this article, who was, also (and had been for several years) a special correspondent of the

New York "Times."

I have forgotten the day of the month of our departure from Washington, but remember that it was the first Tuesday in October, 1866. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company had sent a man ahead to make arrangements for carriages, and to secure hotel accommodations, etc. H. A. Chadwick, one of the proprietors of Willard's Hotel, was very anxious to go along, and so I fixed it with the President that "Old Chad" should accompany us as purveyor. He was out here several years ago as the first manager of the Baldwin. We left Washington for Philadelphia at 9 a. m., the following named composing the party: President Johnson and servant, Secretary Seward and servant, General Grant and servant, Admiral and Mrs. Farragut and servant, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Randall, Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Welles, United States Senator Patterson (from Tennessee) and Mrs. Patterson, a daughter of President Johnson, Surgeon-General Barnes, Surgeon Norris, U. S. A., General Rawlins, Rear-Admiral Radford, U. S. N.; Señor Romero, Mexican minister; General Jim Steedman, United States Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin; R. S. Spofford, Librarian of Congress; Generals Fullerton, McCullum, Rousseau, Custer, and Van Vliet, Clarence Sew-

ard, Edgar P. Welles, and some fifteen others, whose names I cannot now recall—nearly fifty in all. We had special trains each day, consisting of, generally, from two to three passenger or directors' cars, one baggage-car for baggage, and two baggage cars improvised for lunch and smoking and drinking cars. While I never made an inquiry concerning the matter, I am of the opinion that the different railroad and steamboat companies over whose routes we passed not only furnished free transportation, but also the edibles and drinkables, which never gave out, by the way, although the crowd was a hearty and convivial one. It was arranged that trains should stop ten minutes at all important places along the lines of travel, and an hour each day at places where lunch had been ordered. We had elegantly printed tickets and programs each day, with the name of the road over which we were to pass, names of places we were to stop at, length of time, etc. Upon our arrival at a place, if we left the car—which, of course, we did every evening—we were assigned to carriages according to number, the President taking No. 1, with Colonel Moore and committeemen appointed to receive him; Seward and his son, No. 2; Grant and Rawlins, No. 3; Farragut and wife, No. 4; Mr. and

(Continued on Page 5)

A.B. CHASE
PIANOS

OUR LEADER

A.B. CHASE
PIANOS



Every A. B. Chase Piano
is accompanied by an
unlimited warranty

The A. B. Chase policy
has always been to strive
after the highest perfection

"THE BIG EXCLUSIVE PIANO HOUSE"
231-233-235 SOUTH BROADWAY **BARTLETT MUSIC CO.** **OPPOSITE CITY HALL**

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

Published every week at Los Angeles, Cal., by
the GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Offices 392 Wilcox Building
Home Phone 8482 Sunset Main 139
Vol. XXIX, No. 4

Los Angeles, June 27, 1908

Subscription in the United States, Canada and Mexico \$2.50 per year. Foreign subscription \$4.50 per year. Single copies ten cents. Sample copies and advertising rates on application. The Graphic is mailed to subscribers every Thursday, and should be received in Los Angeles and vicinity not later than Fridays. Please report delays to the publication office. Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal., as second class matter.

Matters of Moment

The Republican Platform.

"Taft and Sherman," the standard bearers of the Republican party, were the personal selections of President Roosevelt, and therefore there can be no doubt of their willingness and intention to advocate and carry out to the best of their endeavor the Rooseveltian policies. The nation, unable to assert itself against the Rooseveltian will, must be content with William Howard Taft as its second choice, and it is likely that within the next four months some genuine enthusiasm will be developed in the ranks of the Republican party on behalf of the pre-ordained candidate. Mr. Taft is a safe, sane and experienced statesman, of distinguished accomplishment and a most amiable gentleman. While it cannot be pretended that Taft possesses those qualities which have so impressed Theodore Roosevelt upon the popular imagination, now that Mr. Taft is released from the Roosevelt leading strings and must make the race on his own merits, he will be in better position to appeal directly to the sympathies and support of the people than heretofore. Of Mr. Sherman little is known in the West beyond his Congressional record. Under the circumstances, however, the Republican party has every good reason to be well satisfied, if not yet enthusiastic, over the personality of the standard bearers who, it is confidently expected, will lead it once more to victory.

But if the Taft-Sherman ticket is thoroughly representative of "My Policies," the same can not be said of the platform. William Allen White maintains that "the President gave Taft to the people, the people gave the platform to the machine, and the machine got Sherman." We do not agree with Mr. White on the second conclusion of his epigrammatic summary. On the contrary, we believe that the campaign orators have a severe task ahead of them in convincing the people of the soundness or the strength of the platform. It is not likely to prove a popular platform, because there is too evident a tendency to fence with questions of grave moment instead of fairly and squarely meeting them.

What are to be the "paramount issues" of the campaign now upon us? At present no paramount issue has been developed, but it is not likely that with the resourceful William J. Bryan leading the forces of the Democracy the lack of dividing lines which characterized the campaign of 1904 will be repeated.

Mr. Bryan has already pointed out certain infirmities in the Republican platform, and we are inclined to think the majority of Rooseveltian Republicans will agree with some of his contentions.

The platform is retrogressive in that it takes no cognizance of certain reforms warmly advocated by President Roosevelt, with which the nation, we believe, is in firm sympathy and which would have done much to strengthen the party before the people.

The Republican party has shirked the issue of advocating legislation in favor of publicity as to campaign contributions. It dropped the plank authorizing the ascertaining of the value of the railroads. It ignores the questions of an income or inheritance tax.

The hottest struggle over the platform developed over the anti-injunction plank. The Republican party comes to the nation with a weak and intentionally ineffective "compromise" plank on this subject of vital importance. It is a piece of political carpentry that can satisfy neither side to the controversy.

The framers of the platform appear to have been too fearful to raise any issue involving any element of danger—to have preferred to "play politics" with an uncertain voice. But if the Republican party has deemed it advisable to shirk debatable questions, it is certain that Mr. Bryan will force them upon the nation's attention.

The campaign of 1908 is to be no repetition of the almost ridiculously mild and uninteresting campaign of four years ago. There will be no such walkover. Taft is not a Roosevelt, and Bryan is far from being a Parker. The nation will be given plenty of opportunity to think before next November.

The President and Spreckels.

The leaders of the Spreckels Prosecution have played their last card to save themselves from collapse. The desperation of the Spreckels-Heney-Older-Burns cabal was duly set forth in a manifesto addressed to the White House. The situation was so grave that nothing but a staunch exhortation from the President could save it. Mr. Roosevelt responded. His letter, addressed to "My dear Mr. Spreckels," was dated June 8. The letter, however, was not published till June 20, just as soon as the political exigencies due to the National Convention had been safely met. The publication of the letter before the Roosevelt will had been done in Chicago might have caused complications in the California delegation and elsewhere. Mr. Roosevelt long ago admitted that to become a statesman it was first necessary to be a politician.

While the "My dear Mr. Spreckels" letter is not of any really greater significance than the "My dear Maria" epistles which added so largely to the gay gravity of the Bellamy Storer controversy, it will probably serve its purpose. "My dear Mr. Spreckels" will feel inspired once more to loosen his purse strings, and "my friend," Francis J. Heney, will find new zest in the implied Presidential backing for his performances at "one night stands in the provinces."

The President's epistle to Spreckels is full of pugnacious platitudes, pungent generalities and kindly counsel to "cheer up." "I hope," writes Mr. Roosevelt, "that you and Heney and your associates will keep reasonably good natured." Such advice, it must be admitted, is eminently fitting, and, it is to be hoped, may prove helpful. Had Mr. Roosevelt himself been an eye witness to Heney's passionate explosions in court, his adjuration to keep "reasonably good natured" could not have been more timely. But who is it that has been whispering in the presidential ear that Mr. Heney has been so sorely in need of such counsel?

Certainly there can be no quarrel with the President's denunciation of graft and grafters. Too many homilies cannot be preached

against the evils beneath which a callous public has so long grovelled and which have threatened to poison every source of popular government. In and out of season Theodore Roosevelt has preached and warred against special privileges for the few—which is the cornerstone on which all the abominations of graft are built.

But Theodore Roosevelt is neither ubiquitous nor omniscient. It is evident that he has absorbed thoroughly one side of the story of San Francisco graft and its prosecution, and since it was the side that must naturally appeal to him, he has espoused it with his usual impetuosity and ardor. The President evidently is uninformed of at least one-half the story of the Spreckels prosecution. Else it is inconceivable that being the apostle of the "square deal" he could have been cajoled into assuming an ex-cathedra attitude to lend aid and comfort to a discredited cause and its champions.

It is inconceivable that the miserable story of intrigue and deception which have marked the manipulations of Spreckels, Heney and Burns is known to the President. For it is inconceivable that Theodore Roosevelt would deliberately sanction the alliances that Rudolph Spreckels made with the self-confessed criminal supervisors, his illegal usurpation of the State's pardoning power, his overtures to Ruef, his anxiety to make any terms, however despicable, as long as they would assist him in the pursuit of a single personal enemy. Nor can one imagine that Theodore Roosevelt would knowingly set his seal of approval on the chicanery of the "poison-pouring" Burns, or applaud the border-ruffian tactics of Heney and his savage assaults upon the highest courts in the State, whose unhappy duty it has been to rebuke his ignorance and blundering in his profession.

The President would not have detracted from the dignity of his office and his own reputation if he had refused to express himself with general remarks intended to be applied to the particular present situation in San Francisco without being fully and accurately informed from both sides of the complicated struggle. Why, for instance, could Mr. Roosevelt not have consulted Mr. George Knight? Mr. Knight was good enough material to use in forwarding the Rooseveltian program in Chicago and to be selected for most prominent distinction in that program. But Mr. Knight's voice has been used with as much force in denouncing the Spreckels Prosecution for its base motives and illicit methods as in seconding William H. Taft. If the President could insist that the "My dear Mr. Spreckels" letter be not published until the day after the Republican convention, he could also have waited until he had heard Mr. Knight's side of the story, as well as Mr. Heney's and Mr. Fremont Older's.

The "Graphic" yields to no man in its admiration for Theodore Roosevelt, and one of the main causes for that admiration is that the President is intensely human. For this reason also we recognize that Theodore Roosevelt is not infallible, especially on subjects on which he has either scant information or gross misinformation. In his letter to Mr. Spreckels the President insists "it is just as bad to be ruled by a plutocracy, as by a mob." It is worse when a coterie of selfish and ambitious men conspire to

punish their enemies by inflaming the mob and capturing the machinery of the law, and when disappointed of their vengeance they traduce the highest courts; and it is unfortunate that such men should be able to trick the President of the United States into giving sanction and encouragement to such conspiracy.

The struggle in which Mr. Spreckels is engaged is being fought out in the courts of California. The dangerous impropriety of the President of the United States bringing the power and influence of his office to the aid and comfort of one party in a criminal prosecution is obvious. President Roosevelt's assistance was solicited with the deliberate intention of prejudicing criminal cases still before the courts, with the hope that the minds of prospective jurors might be influenced by the weight of the President's opinion. It is exceedingly unfortunate that the President should have been trapped into lending the power of his office to such purpose.

The Acrobatic and Elusive Perkins.

The Hon. George C. Perkins, who hopes to retain the seat in the United States Senate on which he has executed many remarkable acrobatic feats, banks heavily on the forgetfulness of his constituents. Such is always a valuable asset to the resourceful politician with the habit of tergiversation, and there are few more successful political merchants than California's senior senator.

In reviewing Mr. Perkins' services on behalf of this state, a few weeks ago, the "Graphic" reminded Californians of his change of front on the protection of the citrus fruit industry shortly after his last election in 1903. We pointed out that Mr. Perkins was elected with the distinct understanding that he would continue to work and vote for the protection of this industry, so vital to the prosperity of California. Our recollection is that in Mr. Perkins' own absence, Mr. George Hatton, his political manager, undertook to give a solemn pledge on his chief's behalf in this matter, and that Mr. Perkins' re-election was largely due to this pledge.

In the "Graphic" of May 23, Senator Perkins' betrayal of California's interests was referred to in the following words: "Perkins, in the face of the practically unanimous wishes of his constituents on supporting the Administration measure for the reduction of the tariff on citrus fruits, etc."

It is to this charge that Senator Perkins has replied in a letter addressed to the Riverside "Enterprise," and with a fine show of holy indignation he claims that such a charge is "utterly unreliable."

We are quite willing to admit that the charge was not couched in precisely accurate terms, thus providing a loop for Senator Perkins' all too familiar elusiveness. Senator Perkins did not vote for "a reduction of the tariff on citrus fruits," but he **did** vote for its abolition as far as the island of Cuba was concerned. The Cuban reciprocity treaty was ratified by the Senate March 19, 1903, a few weeks after Mr. Perkins had been re-elected by the California legislature, whose members had been given to understand that Senator Perkins would join Senator Bard in voting against the treaty. It will be recalled that up to the last moment Senator Perkins refused to answer the importunities of his constituents with a "yea"

or a "nay," and finally disregarded not only their demands and their interests, but his solemn obligation. But it was only one more exhibition of Mr. Perkins' agile acrobatic tactics, and evidently he now hopes that the orange growers of California have forgotten the incident.

In order to assist his constituents towards that desirable oblivion, Mr. Perkins evades this question entirely, and in his "Enterprise" letter harks back to his performances of eleven instead of five years ago. "Since that time" (the passage of the Dingley tariff act) "there has been no change in relation to the duty upon these articles," writes the Senator and plumes his ruffled feathers accordingly. Since the Senator has embarked on this sea of explanation, it is now to be hoped he will indite another apology explaining his position on the Cuban reciprocity treaty. It will be a rather more difficult task, but, doubtless, if the Senator is not as exceedingly anxious to evade this issue as he seems to be, he will be able to invent some plausible excuses or discover another loophole of escape.

Mr. Perkins is equally indignant that the "Graphic" should have arraigned him for his opposition to the President's advocated increase to the navy. Again Mr. Perkins prefers to fall back on more ancient history, referring with a fine show of pride to his exploits in naval affairs fifteen years ago. If we are to believe Mr. Perkins' record, which he produces with such modesty, no statesman deserves more credit for the United States navy today than George C. Perkins. But, once more, Mr. Perkins fails in his attempt to draw a herring across the real trail. The President advocated an appropriation this year for four battleships instead of two. The nation, we believe, was overwhelmingly in favor of such an increase. There is no shadow of doubt but that Californians were practically unanimous in favor of the increase. But Senator Perkins once more voted against the wishes and interests of his constituents. That is all there is to it, and even Mr. Perkins with all his dodging ability cannot escape this issue.

The "Graphic" has not the slightest desire or intention to misrepresent Senator Perkins. We claim, and we believe we claim truly, that Senator Perkins has frequently misrepresented California and her interests, and we are convinced that it will be a grave mistake if the legislature can once more be duped into honoring this agile politician but unstable statesman.

Free Harbor Wanted.

Remembering that the entire water front of San Francisco is controlled by the State of California, it is indeed disheartening to read the details of the struggle being made to reserve even a tithe of San Pedro harbor for the public. Concessions, rights, claims and vested interests are so many in and around San Pedro harbor that one sometimes wonders when the dear public is going to have a look in. There may be and are many things objectionable in San Francisco, but, depend upon it, there is not a corporation roosting at every dip, spur and angle of its magnificent water front. Port charges may be high, and there may occasionally arise contests with the pilots as to their exactions on commerce, but right down at the bottom, the truth is that San Francisco has a free

harbor and that the water front can never be diverted to private interests.

Sooner or later similar conditions will be brought about at San Pedro. There will be concessions to be bought, claims to be adjusted, land to be regained, but in the long run, whether by purchase or otherwise, every private interest in and about that harbor will be dispossessed. The idea of the principal harbor of the principal city on the Southern California coast being controlled by private parties is repugnant, and cannot endure.

These observations are made not with the intention of specifying any particular concession or interest or landowner whose presence on the San Pedro water front is a menace, but rather as a statement of general principles which should govern harbor management. To permit its greatest usefulness, San Pedro harbor must be free from any predominant influence, other than that of the state or municipality. It may take ten years or twenty years, but nevertheless, as time goes on, the truth of this will become so apparent that the people will per force be compelled to assume the management and control.

Exploitation of Crime.

It is axiomatic among the police authorities of all the larger cities that crimes and suicides run in streaks. If, for instance, there is a suicide, two more may be expected within a short period. Self destruction, for some unexplained and unexplainable psychological reason, appears to run in groups of three. Whenever a murder is committed

with unusually revolting attendant circumstances, another may be forecast with reasonable certainty. There is no explanation for this, except that one suicide suggests another, and that one crime suggests another.

With these premises thoroughly understood, there should be a protest against the exploitation by the press of such crimes as that of Ruby Casselman, the girl pervert who has just been sent to the penitentiary for seven years for forgery. The "Examiner" has been a persistent offender concerning this Casselman girl, and it closed its campaign of infamy last Sunday by describing pictorially and otherwise how "the wickedest girl in Los Angeles" had finally been immured within penitentiary walls.

Maybe it is not significant, but the public may remember that while Ruby Casselman's fate was hanging in the balance, a fool girl was engaged in the pastime of floating bad paper in various beach towns. On being arrested, she said that she did not think she was transgressing the law.

The question now presents itself, to what extent is the "Examiner" "particeps criminis" in the case of this girl, and to what degree were her criminal transactions stimulated by suggestions from the Ruby Casselman case?

"The Negro Vote."

Already the policy of the Taft campaign managers with reference to the Brownsville incident, is mapped out. In witness whereof read the elaborate argument of Raymond Patterson—"Raymond" is his nom-de-plume—in the "Times" of Monday morning seek-

ing to prove that President Roosevelt and not Secretary Taft, was responsible for the dismissal of the colored soldiers in consequence of the Brownsville riot. To all appearances the Taft managers are afraid of "the negro vote" and will try to hold the northern negroes in line for the Republican party.

This may be "good politics," but it is not good Americanism. The negro soldiers who were let out, were not dropped because they are black, but because they shielded the perpetrators of the misdeeds at Brownsville. They deserved their punishment; and the same punishment would have been appropriate and would have been meted out to similar offenders whose skin was white. There was no question of race involved in the handling of the Brownsville incident, as far as the United States government was concerned.

The reprehensible part of this entire business is that any political manager thinks it necessary to appeal to any class or race for votes. Americans hear less of the negro "vote," and the Irish "vote" and the Methodist "vote" and this-that-and-the-other "vote" than was the case twenty or thirty years ago. Even the labor "vote" has been demonstrated—at least in Los Angeles—to exist very largely in the minds of labor union extremists. The very notion of a race, religious or class "vote" is repugnant to true Americanism. Anybody who seeks to profit by it, ought to be beaten; anybody or party that manufactures political capital out of such cloth, deserves contempt and ignominy.

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—IX

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

Mrs. Welles, No. 5; Randall and wife, No. 6; Radford, Custer and Doolittle, No. 7; Patterson and wife and others, No. 8; Colonel Morrow, Señor Romero and the writer, No. 9, and so on. The carriages were driven directly to the hotels, through tremendous crowds, and were generally escorted by military.

All of the cities through which the party passed were dressed in holiday attire, and generally there was as much decorum as could be enforced upon such occasions. It will be remembered that, while there was no breach between President Johnson and General Grant at that time, there was a serious division in the Republican party as to the wisdom and political integrity of the President in the carrying out of his policy of conciliation toward the people of the States lately in rebellion. Still, there was no great disrespect shown Mr. Johnson until the party arrived at Cleveland, and then again at Indianapolis, where several shots were fired at him, and a subsequent riot took place, in which a number of men were killed. In all of the little towns along our route, after leaving Albany, General Grant was undoubtedly the favorite—but Johnson next—and in some places, where the calls for Grant drowned the vociferations for Johnson, Seward, Farragut and Custer, the President was at first received with mingled hoots and cheers as he appeared on the rear platform of the rear car; but silence generally followed the commencement of his brief addresses, and he was always loudly applaud-

ed at their close, for Johnson had a peculiarly happy way of catching and holding a miscellaneous crowd. According to arrangements there was no stop made at Baltimore, but stops of ten minutes were made at Havre de Grace, Wilmington, Chester and other places between Baltimore and Philadelphia, which latter city was reached about four in the afternoon and the party at once taken to the Continental Hotel, where a magnificent banquet was given to the President and his suite in the evening. And this day's festivities remind me that in the procession that followed the military that escorted the President to the hotel, there was carried a transparency by an association of tailors, which had a picture representing Adam making his fig-leaf costume; and that the President, in two allusions to the pictorial suggestion, remarked that "Our father and head was a tailor;" and I have not forgotten his surprise, on opening the "Press" the next morning, at reading not only "Our Father in Heaven was a tailor," but an editorial attack upon him for his blasphemy. His first ejaculation was made up of quotations from the sayings of the Flanders soldiery translated into English monosyllables, after which I explained to him that the shorthand reporter had to catch a good deal by sound. Still he claimed that Forney ought not, in his hatred of him, to have "put him down for a fool."

The next day, Wednesday, the party went to New York, stopping a few minutes each at Camden, Bordentown, Trenton, Princeton,

New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark and Jersey City. All of these places were dressed in holiday garb, and the great crowds at the depots were addressed by Johnson and Seward, and sometimes by Steedman, Rousseau and others.

The President was escorted by a grand military turn-out to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and in the evening he was entertained by a banquet at Delmonico's, then located on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street. This banquet was the finest ever given by the Delmonico's up to that time. It lasted from 9 until 12, and my palate now tingles at the thought of the rivers of Amontillado, Chablis, Chateau Lafitte, Clos-de-Vougeot and Roederer that washed down a feast that would have made Lucullus and Sardanapalus squirm in their sarcophagi. I shall never forget the post-prandial "exercises" that took place on that occasion, nor the demands for Congress water and other matutinal beverages made upon the bartender of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the next morning. Indeed, that most magnificent racket of three weeks' duration commenced right then, and there, at that blissful corner, where Charles Delmonico, the prince of caterers, had invaded the domiciliary quarters of the late Moses H. Grinnell for the purpose of showing, among other things, that the history of fine dining is the history of civilization.

The next day, Thursday, we went up the Hudson, stopping at West Point about two hours, and at ten or twelve other places a

few minutes each. We had a band of music aboard, and guns boomed at intervals all the way up the river. We arrived at Albany at a little after dark, and were driven to the Delevan House, and had a banquet in the evening. The next day, Friday, we went to Auburn, where Mr. Seward entertained the party at his own residence and quartered us among his friends in that city for the night. The next day we went to Niagara Falls, where we put up at the International Hotel, and stayed over Sunday. On Saturday evening a grand ball and banquet were given the Presidential party, and on Sunday all but Mr. Johnson visited the Canadian side, he only being prevented from doing so by law. Generals George H. Thomas and A. J. Smith joined the party at the falls and accompanied the President to Buffalo the next morning, where the party was entertained at lunch by ex-President Fillmore. That night we stayed over in Cleveland, although Grant—who had been taken ill—and Rawlins had proceeded directly to Chicago, and we saw nothing of them again until Wednesday evening.

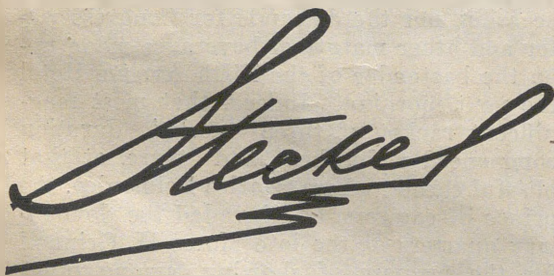
When the people of Cleveland discovered that General Grant was not along they were greatly angered, and thousands of them gathered in front of the hotel and declared that the President should not speak. The latter made several efforts, as did also Mr. Seward, but it was an hour or more before either could be heard. Johnson would not leave the balcony, however, until the crowd listened to him, and then he everlastingly razeed them, and at the same time provoked them into a state of good behavior. At one time, after several of our party had made unavailing efforts to induce the President to leave the balcony, the manager of the hotel approached him and informed him that the banquet was ready, to which Mr. Johnson replied: "The banquet may go to h—! I'm a free American citizen, and I'm going to address my friends if I have to wait here all night." I was requested many times that evening to try and get him to leave the balcony, and I probably had more influence with him than any one in the party, but I declined to make the attempt, as I knew the man, and knew positively that he would stay out there all night, or until he could address that crowd.

Children's pictures in characteristic attitudes

Carbons—Platinotypes—Etchings

Awarded Eighteen Medals

Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements



Studio and Art Gallery 336½ South Broadway

Special exhibition of Oils now on view

The next day we took lunch at Toledo, and stopped over night at Detroit. The reception here was very fine, and so was the banquet; and the procession was, next to the one in New York, the largest and most imposing thus far. George Francis Train caught on to the party at this point and went as far as St. Louis. The next day, Wednesday, we arrived at Chicago, and Jeff C. Davis, who was in command, and who was a great friend of Mr. Johnson, got up a magnificent military demonstration. We were driven to the Sherman House, and next day participated in the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Douglas monument; that night we had a banquet at the Sherman House, and on the following day, Friday, we left for Springfield, Illinois, arriving there about two in the afternoon. We were first driven to our hotel, the name of which I forget—as it was a small one, the Leland not being opened at that time—then to Lincoln's grave, and then back to the hotel, where we had a banquet. Threats were made at this place that Johnson should not leave the town alive, and when the nature of some of them were communicated to him, he started immediately for a window to harangue the large and excited crowd. But General Grant, who was with us once again, requested the President to retire, which he did at once. Soon after this there was a great commotion on the street, and General Grant went to an open window and was received with a tremendous shout, although a large number called for Johnson. I shall never forget that scene. The General said: "Fellow-citizens—The President has retired for the night, and now I want you to all go straight home, like good men, as I know you are." And that vast crowd dissolved as noiselessly and as quickly as a handful of snow in a vessel of hot water, and in less than ten minutes there was not a human being on the street.

The next day, Saturday, we went to St. Louis via the river, from Alton. At the latter place there were twenty odd steamboats crowded with men and women, and most of them carrying music and howitzers. We arrived at St. Louis about four o'clock and were driven to the Lindell, although we had our banquet at the Southern. We also staid here over Sunday. On Monday we went to Indianapolis, arriving in that city in a rain-storm after dark.

From the moment the train arrived until we reached the Bates House there was more or less fighting along the line of the procession. When within the hotel word was conveyed to the President by friends not to appear on the balcony, but he said that he should address his fellow citizens if they called upon him. Seeing that he was determined to go, Colonel Morrow and I went to General Grant and asked him to go out with the President, but he declined, from the best of motives, which he stated. He took his stand on one side of the window, however, as the President went out on the balcony, and it was lucky for Mr. Johnson that he did so, for several pistols were discharged at him the moment he went out, two balls striking the brick wall near him. General Grant, as quick as a flash, stepped out close up to the President, and introduced him to the crowd, saying that he had a few remarks to make. Silence at once ensued; but a fight broke out soon after among the

crowd, during which a number of men were killed, and during which the President and General bade their riotous friends good-night and sought more congenial precincts within doors. The next day, Tuesday, we went to Louisville, and had a splendid reception and a banquet at the Galt House; then took a special steamer up the Ohio river, arriving at Cincinnati the next morning. We breakfasted at the Burnett House, took a drive out to Clifton and back, and left for Columbus about noon, arriving early in the evening. Here the party was banqueted, as at other places. The next night, Thursday, we spent at Pittsburg, and had a banquet at the Monongahela Hotel. The next day, while on our way to Harrisburg, and while the train was stopping at Johnsonville, a bridge which spanned the railway track at that place gave way with a large number of men, women and children, and fifteen were killed outright and nearly one hundred wounded. The President directed me to stay over and do what I could in his name to alleviate distress, and he and Mr. Seward each gave me a check for \$500, which I handed to a committee of relief. I staid most of the day and did all that I could, and then started for Harrisburg, arriving at that place just as the banquet was fairly over, much to my disgust, as in those days I disliked to lose even one such repast. The next day—Saturday—we left for Washington, where we arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, having been entertained at lunch at the Eutaw House by citizens of Baltimore, after an absence of nineteen days.

The next day the President asked me what impressed me more than anything else that I observed during the trip, but before I could answer he added: "General Grant is going to be the next President of the United States."

I may add, in conclusion, that during the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone at Chicago, President Johnson, who was a master Mason, wore the apron once owned by Washington, and which had been loaned by the Interior Department for the purpose. I may also add that Grant felt most keenly the approbation bestowed on him more than on Johnson, and declared several times that he would never accept the nomination for President, for, as he once said, "Now the whole people of the North are my friends, but let me become President and half of them will hate me." There never was any doubt in my mind—at that time—but that Grant would rather have remained General of the Army than be elected President. But the great masses of the North and nearly all the Union soldiers, the party managers, Mrs. Grant, Fred. Dent, and all who became angered at or displeased with Johnson, overcame his opposition, and he threw himself under the ponderous wheels of the political Juggernaut, and in time Charles Sumner, Carl Schurz—who hated Lincoln as well as Johnson and Grant—and hundreds of others hounded the great commander and even talked of impeachment.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Ellis Club Shines

BY W. S.

The Ellis Club brought the season to a close Tuesday evening, with a concert longer and more varied than usual, and all in all a most fitting finale for the season. The soloist, Mrs. Lottie Buck Porterfield, has sung for the club before, and on this occasion her work was as flawless as before. Mrs. Porterfield is first of all a ballad singer, but in the aria from Rinaldo, these verses were splendidly rendered:

Here let my tears flow,
Let hope my soul know,
My heart is longing
For liberty.

Assuage the sorrow
To charms belonging;
O grant tomorrow
That I may be free.

Her songs, "You and I," "Songs My Mother Taught Me," and "Hay Making" were as clear and exquisite as a sharply defined cameo. The club was assisted by the Arnold Krauss quartette, and Mrs. Ada M. Chick, the organist, and in most of the concerted work the instruments added materially.

Some of the selections by the club have been produced before, as, for instance, "The Bedouin Love Song," by Rogers; "Reveries," by A. M. Starck, and "Break, Break, Break," by Brewer. Brewer's setting of Tennyson's poem belongs to the category of manufactured music, and while excellently done is not satisfying.

By all means the most satisfying number

was Dudley Buck's "Chorus of Spirits and Hours," the words taken from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," permitting the introduction of tenor work happily allotted to Mr. Jackson S. Gregg. The ensemble work of the club in this number surpassed anything that the organization has done in my knowledge of the club, which goes back for five years. For two or three years I have been a consistent advocate of more virile singing by the Ellis Club. I have begged, implored, beseeched and scolded for manlier singing, and at last the club has responded. The club members at various times have felt hurt at some things that I have said. Now it affords me the utmost pleasure to say that the club has reached the point where it sings without the impression that something is held back, something suppressed, something which might come out, but never does. The final chorus of "Spirits and Hours," set to these words,

Then weave the web of mystic measure,
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
Come, swift spirits of might and of pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth!
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by,
To the Ocean of Splendor and Harmony!
Come, ye Spirits!
All unite!

was the finest, manliest example of what a men's chorus should do that has ever been heard in this city, and I doubt if its equal has been heard on the Coast. The club rose to the heights, and let go, as men should.

By the Way

Theodore Bell.

This has been a red letter week with the Democratic League, which was given an awful beating at the primaries, but which nevertheless sets up as the real Simon-pure Democratic article. It appropriated Bell as "one of us." There was a luncheon and much oratory and much gladsome talk. But do not lose sight of the fact that Theodore Bell made a personal call on Arthur C. Harper, at the Mayor's office. Theodore Bell understands the actual value of post-lunchorial oratory in carrying primaries. He paid due attention to the Leaguers—but he likewise looked in upon the other men. So the Democratic League is scarcely in a position to claim Mr. Bell as all its own.

Post Lunchorial.

Take notice, all men, that "post-lunchorial" belongs to me. I am thinking of applying for copy-right. Custom has made political lunches a proper caper and some term has been needed to describe the talk-fests that start up when the coffee starts down. "Post-prandial" is scarcely the proper term to employ.

Jamison.

William H. Jamison becomes Superior Judge in the dignified manner appropriate to the position. That Governor Gillett disregarded the hot campaigning of various ambitious attorneys and paid no attention to wire

pullers, is a credit both to the Governor and the appointee. These are the positions that should come to a man—not sought after with the zeal and methods of a candidate for dog catcher. Judge Jamison was recommended by a number of bankers and business men, but considerations of party politics had no part in the appointment. Judge Jamison was second on Governor Gillett's list; former Judge Wheaton A. Gray, lately of the Appellate Court, could have had the position, but he declined. Judge Jamison is a hard-working conscientious, able man, and he should add strength to the local bench.

"Rosmersholm."

I have had no method of knowing what the conscientious and able dramatic critic of the "Graphic" has had to say about "Rosmersholm," the gruesome Ibsen play which held the boards at the Belasco early this week. Having seen "Rosmersholm," I have my own opinions, whatever may be the erudite observation of the critic in question. To my notion Rebecca and the Pastor Rosmer should have been killed in the first act. This would have brought the play to a conclusion then and there, and would have spared the audience an analysis of the morbid running three acts more. In other words, the sooner they were killed by the playwright, the better for all concerned. At the risk of violating the sacred feelings of the Ibsenites, I suggest that if Rebecca

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Oldest and Largest Savings Bank
in the Southwest

Capital and Reserve \$1,200,000.00

Resources, Over \$20,000,000.00

REAL ESTATE LOANS

This Bank is prepared to make loans on Real Estate security, including BUILDING LOANS at reasonable rates of interest. No commission.

SECURITY BUILDING
SPRING and FIFTH STS., LOS ANGELES

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS HERE FOR



Craftsman Furniture

Gustav Stickley is the originator and only manufacturer of Craftsman Furniture. We show a large stock of these goods.



Pease Bros. Furniture Co.

640-646 SOUTH HILL ST.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HERBOLD & LINDSEY Enterprise Trunk Factory

654 South Spring

Suit Cases and Ladies' Hand Bags.
Fine Trunk and Hand Bag Repairing. Home F 3399
We make a specialty of Automobile Trunks.



- A FACE ENAMEL -

PREVENTS SUNBURN AND FRECKLES
ALL DRUGGISTS 50¢



AN IDEAL SKIN FOOD
ALL DRUGGISTS 25¢
MADE BY ANITA CREAM & TOILET CO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL. MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Christophers'

Brownie Chocolates
Packed Fresh Every Day

The ne plus ultra confectionery.
Only the highest quality of sugar,
the most exquisite flavors used
Every piece daintily dipped
with the finest blend
of coating.

Christopher's

The Quality Confectioner
241 S. Spring St. 341 S. Broadway
PHONES: Exchange 303 South 303

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

LOS ANGELES



A TRIUMPH
in fireproof
construction.
Spanish Renaissance in
Steel, Tile and
Marble. Combined with the
facilities and
conveniences
of the Electric
Age.

Mission
Indian Grill
Unique
Enchanting

Open from 11 a. m. till after midnight. Business People's
noonday lunch. After theater parties. A la carte.

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the look-out for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

HONEYMOON
EXCURSIONS



AND
OTHERS

Think of these places, of these rates, of the pleasure of traveling on the California Limited, of the joy of a stay at the Grand Canyon and decide that the beck of happiness calls you to our office at 334 South Spring street.

Grand Canyon and back	\$ 40.00
Chicago and back	72.50
New York and back	108.50
Washington and back	107.50
Boston and back	110.50
St. Paul and back	73.50
St. Louis and back	67.50
Denver	55.00

On sale July 1-2, Sept. 14-15

and many other cities.

As to the dates—
June 22 to 28, also dates in July and August.
Ask us and we will plan your trip.

E. W. McGEE,
334 South Spring Street.

and the Pastor are permitted to survive until the end, a "tank scene" be introduced so the drowning of Rebecca and the Pastor can be brought off in true melodramatic style. Maybe a carefully prepared set of moving pictures would give zest to the drowning. Joking aside, taste for the Ibsen plays is an acquired one, even if it exists at all. My word upon it, ninety per cent. of the people who affect the Ibsen cult do not like Ibsen at all—they go so as to be considered brainy and intellectual, and all that sort of thing.

A Police Outrage.

Oliver P. Widaman, one of the best known attorneys in Los Angeles, and Arthur R. Sanger have been discharged by the Police Court, and all charges made against them have evaporated into thin air. Mr. Widaman, remember, is one of the brightest and worthiest attorneys in Los Angeles. After the trouble between him and Sanger on the one side, and Frank M. Bell on the other, at the Hollenbeck Hotel, Mr. Widaman was thrown in jail and held incommunicado for about two hours before he was allowed to communicate with his wife. From the day of the struggle at the Hollenbeck to the moment that the case was called in the Police Court, the police of this city, who go upon the theory that every man is guilty and must be treated as a criminal, searched the city of Los Angeles high and low for anything in Mr. Widaman's record which could be used against him. They found absolutely nothing, and for the very good reason that nothing existed. I have had something to say before about the police policy which prevails at the castle on First street. Some fine day the people in this city will realize that any man is liable to be thrown into jail on just such baseless charges and treated like a convict by the fat-minded individuals who direct police policy. How absurd were the charges against Mr. Widaman is shown by the escapade in which his accuser, Bell, became involved at San Pedro a day or two after Widaman was set free. Mr. Bell, it will be remembered, is the man who jumped out with the schooner Aloha, and who laid himself thereby open to a prosecution for larceny. There never was a case in local police history which the fatuous policy pursued by the so-called guardians of the law was better exemplified. Mr. Widaman, an innocent man, was kept in jail one night and until the noon following the arrest, although his friends immediately offered to make a bond in any amount for his release. The police would not make any complaint against him the night of his arrest, so that bail could be fixed, although one of the Police Judges came down town at midnight to approve a bail bond. When he was in prison, he was treated worse than the meanest pickpocket. I hope that he will have the good sense and judgment to take this case direct to the police commissioners, and that the First street police station autocrats are taught that this is not Russia, but the United States of America.

The "Aggie" Should Be In.

It may be rank disloyalty to Southern California, inasmuch as the "Lurline" is the local entry for the Honolulu boat race, but I cannot help thinking that although the "Lurline" won last year, she would not poke her nose first into Honolulu Harbor were the

"Aggie" entered. While all the yachting experts have been giving the "Hawaii" much attention, it is plain from what they say they think that the Honolulu schooner will have no chance with the "Lurline." If the schooner "Aggie" were in the race, I cannot see how the "Lurline" could win. These two boats were competitors in the waters around San Francisco Bay and outside on many occasions, and the "Aggie" never failed to show the "Lurline" her heels. Several years ago the "Aggie" was owned by Harry White, formerly known as "Hard-Boiled Harry," who ran a first-class gambling house on Third street in San Francisco, and who devoted his leisure moments to driving fast horses and sailing a fast yacht. The "Lurline" in those days was owned by John D. Spreckels, and all the Spreckels luck, which is proverbial in San Francisco, could not overcome the gambler's luck, or the gambler's skill. At the time that the "Aggie" and the "Lurline" were racing in northern waters, there were at least two other schooners besides the "Aggie" faster than the "Lurline." These were the pilot boat "America," which was built by San Francisco pilots for service outside the heads, and the schooner "C. H. White," which was sold on account of her speed to a pelagic

KOMEL PUNCH

MADE FROM THE PRODUCTS OF
THE GRAPE FRUIT

When entertaining, serve delicious Komel Punch. Made from the product of the Grape Fruit, it is wholesome and refreshing—a novelty in refreshment that your guests will enjoy. We take the entire responsibility off your hands—even furnishing competent service, if desired, though only on orders of five gallons or more. Phone us for information.

Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.

BOTH TELEPHONES EXCHANGE 6

Harris & Frank

Leading Clothiers (INC.)
437-439-441-443 South Spring
Between Fourth and Fifth Streets.



Head to Foot

Outfitters

For Men and
Boys

Specialty Business Property and
High Class Residence Property

MINES & FARISH
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
315 S. HILL STREET

FULLY EQUIPPED RENTAL DEP'T.

GIVE US A CALL Phones Home Ex. 1457 Main 1457

sealer, and was subsequently used for poaching in the waters of the Bering Sea. In any kind of a breeze the "White" could run away from any revenue cutter in the United States service; or any Russian gunboat in Asiatic waters, these being the two classes of vessels which patrolled the Bering Sea in the summer time. Where the "White" is I do not know, and I cannot say whether the "America" is still used by the San Francisco pilots, but in open sea work I should pick the "America" to beat any vessel of her size in Pacific waters.

Lee.

Arthur A. Lee, who has been in charge of the circulation of the "Record" for several years, has embarked in an enterprise which will either bring him much ready cash—or break him. Inasmuch as Lee is a bright, clever, energetic and deserving man, I hope the first of these fates will encompass him. He has a coin-in-the-slot newspaper vendor. All a purchaser has to do is to drop a nickel or a cent or two cents into the proper slot and out comes his favorite paper. Lee has been making demonstrations with the machine, using nickel slots with the "Times" and "Examiner," two cents with the "Herald" and cent slots with the "Express" and "Record"—and the machine makes delivery quickly and satisfactorily. I understand that these "automatic salesmen" are intended for use largely in hotels, office buildings, depots and similar places where men congregate. Mr. Lee leaves soon for a swing through the principal eastern cities in the interest of this slot machine.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

FREE DELIVERY EVERYWHERE

CAWSTON CALIFORNIA OSTRICH FEATHERS

Best in the World

Awarded Prize Medals at Paris, St. Louis, Buffalo, Omaha, Portland and Jamestown.

Tips, Plumes, Boas, Stoles, Muffs

For Sale at Producers Prices

Old Feathers Cleaned, Dyed, Recurled

CITY SALES STORE

224 W. 3d St., Los Angeles, Cal.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.



Have the Best Selected Stock of **Wines AND Liquors**

To be Found in Los Angeles

All brands of recognized merit—whether Foreign or Domestic—have a place in this stock. I make catering to the best class of Family Trade a specialty. Telephone and your order will be delivered anywhere.

C. J. A. Last

WINE MERCHANT

Main 38 ; Home 38 ; 129-131 N. Main Street

McLachlan.

Congressman McLachlan has returned from Washington and Luther Brown has undertaken the management of his campaign. Mr. Brown has been similarly situated as to McLachlan for several campaigns. So far no real active candidate has appeared to oppose McLachlan, the people of Los Angeles county being satisfied with the faithful and efficient service which McLachlan has given them. It is generally recognized that McLachlan's position on the Rivers and Harbors committee of the House is of inestimable value in aiding operations at San Pedro and that McLachlan is the right man in the right place. Some weeks ago a sporadic attempt was made to induce Captain J. D. Fredericks to get into the fight but the district attorney thought better of it. There is no opposition to McLachlan except that of the "Times," and of late that paper has been treating McLachlan with some consideration. It allows his name to appear without attached expressions of dislike.

Opposition Not Dead.

Do not suppose from this, however, that the opposition of General Otis and the "Times" to the congressman has evaporated. Within a few days a letter purporting to be signed by General Otis and marked "Private but not confidential" has been in circulation in favored quarters. In effect the question is asked whether the support given by the "Times" and "the General" to the Organization does not entitle the "Times" to some consideration; and whether in deference to the wishes of "the General" a new man should not go to Congress. The answer of the people will be unfalteringly in the negative. General Otis has no God-given right to name the Congressman from the Seventh Congressional district—no, nor any other official.

Lummis Abroad.

Charles F. Lummis is abroad in the land. I republish this from a Monday paper:

Charles Lummis came through Chicago today on his way to the National Congress of Librarians at Lake Minnetonka. He had a guitar, a typewriter and two suit cases, his famous corduroy suit, an Indian belt and a sombrero, and an awful grouch on the climate of Chicago.

He says that he is going to bring the next library convention to Los Angeles. Failing to do this, he intends to fix the hard "g" pronunciation of Los Angeles upon the intellectual stratum of the nation through its libraries, thus stealing a march on the school which contends for the Los Annjalees accent.

He is well known in literary circles here, of course, and would be lionized if he would stand for it.

The owner of one of the new high buildings escorted Lummis to the top today to take a bird's-eye view.

"There, now, what do you see?" he asked proudly.

"I see a million people who are d—n fools enough to live in this town," answered Lummis unfeelingly.

Leroy A. Wright.

Congressman S. C. Smith of Bakersfield, who represents the Eighth District, is not to secure the nomination this year without a struggle. Leroy A. Wright of San Diego, an attorney, former newspaper writer and clever man generally, wants to go to Congress and believes that he can obtain enough votes from Southern California to capture the nomination. I do not know Wright but do know Smith fairly well. On general

 **S. BENIOFF**

THE LADIES' TAILOR
AND HABIT MAKER

635 So. Hill St. Los Angeles

Phone Home 2756

In New Quarters

E. Gerson announces the removal of his splendid stock of jewelry, silverware, glass and novelties to larger and better quarters at

545 So. Broadway

BILLIARDS

Provides healthful entertainment and recreation—let us show you our specialties



Catalogues Free

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

331-333 East Third St.



Hotel Del Coronado


Coronado Beach, California

Summer Rates \$3.50 per Day and Upward

Coronado Agency 334 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles

Morgan Ross, Manager

CAFÉ BRISTOL



The high-class appointments, perfect service, and unexcelled menu of the

Cafe Bristol appeals to discriminating people.

ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN BLDG.
4TH AND SPRING

TO GIVE YOU

A delicious Port we spare neither time nor expense in producing the Good Samaritan Port Wine. \$1.00 a bottle. Never sold in bulk.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.
744 So. Spring St. 518 So. Main Street

LEVY'S CAFE

N. W. CORNER THIRD and MAIN

The Best Conducted Cafe and Restaurant in Los Angeles.

Business Men's Lunch Served in Grill Room
Daily—40 Cents, Which Includes Coffee, Tea, Beer, or Wine. Entrance to Grill Room on Main.

After Theatre Suppers a Specialty
The Largest and Best Orchestra in the City.

MYRICK & COMPANY

Eastern Races by Wire.

All Tracks where Racing is in Progress

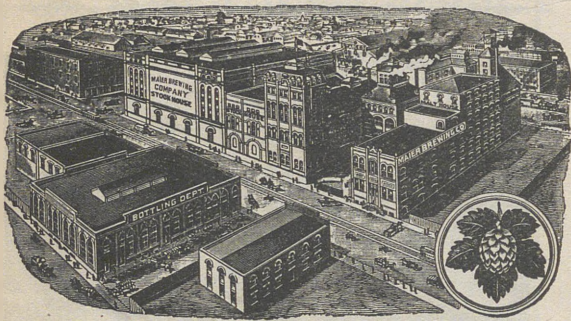
Commissions Accepted.

121 West First Street

End of Central Ave. car line

Home Phone 572, Main 57

Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets

"Select Brew" The Beer of the Connoisseur**Maier Brewing Co.**

440 Aliso St.

Both Phones Exchange 91

principles a congressman should be returned but Smith is the exception to the rule. He represents a southern district made up of all of the counties of this end of the State, except Los Angeles, together with Kern and Inyo. Yet he fails to recognize that the prosperity of Southern California is indissolubly linked with the prosperity of Los Angeles, and vice versa. He has been a consistent opponent of the Owens River water proposition and in his position as Congressman has done all in his power to block the plans of Los Angeles. He says that he is acting in the interests of the settlers of the Owens River Valley, but he could not have served the interests of the power companies to better advantage if he had set out deliberately to try. Mr. Smith has a champion here and there among the southern newspapers—possibly in return for favors of one sort or another, I do not know—but he will probably learn that Southern California is a unit in support of the water plans of the chief city of this section.

Arthur Letts.

It was reserved for Arthur Letts of the Broadway Department Store to be first of Los Angeles merchants to exhibit the Directoire or "Sheath" gown; it was reserved for the "Evening Express" to be the first newspaper to publish a picture of one of Arthur Letts' saleswomen, incased in the gown. With this endorsement of virtue, righteousness and decency—for Mr. Letts and the "Express" are the specially self-appointed champions of these things—the sheath gown is semi-unofficially declared to be proper. No prudish persons have any right to declare against the "sheath" gown as long as it has the seal of approval of Arthur Letts and the "Express."

E. T. Earl.

While there has been a good deal of talk around town about the retirement of Mr. E. T. Earl to Dr. Pottenger's Sanitarium at Monrovia, the dailies have refrained from giving the particulars of what is a matter of public interest. Mr. Earl is a public figure in this city on account of his ownership of the "Express" and his health is something that the people are interested in. I cannot see the indelicacy of touching upon this subject, and on this occasion will not refrain. Without having seen any of the Earl representatives in this city, I will state that my information is that Mr. Earl has been ex-

amined by the experts at Dr. Pottenger's establishment, and that a rigid program has been laid out for him to follow in order that he may regain his health. He is in no danger, and it is believed that the course prescribed for him will eventuate in complete recovery. To what extent tuberculosis has fastened upon him I am unable to say, but I trust that open air and the building up diet which are features of the Pottenger regime, will have the desired beneficial effect.

Hugh Wallace.

Another man of importance who is at present at the Pottenger Sanitarium is Hugh Wallace of Tacoma, one of the leading spirits of his home city and a factor in the affairs of the State of Washington. Mr. Wallace is married to a daughter of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller of the Supreme Court of the United States. His stature in Washington is measured by the fact that he is always referred to as Hugh Wallace and never as Chief Justice Fuller's son-in-law.

Funny Idea of News.

Writing of Mr. Earl reminds me of another story of the antics of the Missouri contingent which is running the "Express" these days. It was on the day that Taft was nominated for the presidency; the last form for one of the editions was nearly ready for the press and the detailed vote by States was coming in over the wire. It was a case of "hold the form" for five minutes in order to get the news to the regular subscribers. Would the Missouri amateurs wait? Oh, no. One of them said, "Pshaw! we won't wait a minute." Everybody knows that Taft is going to be nominated. What other newspapers considered worth an "Extra" the Missouri amateurs thought of no news value. They are a prime lot, those Missourians. They must be graduates of some interior "School of Journalism."

Searl a Prophet.

A year and a half ago a small wager was made between Al Searl, the former newspaper man who is now devoting his attention to the stock and bond business, and John B. Elliott, the manager of the Associated Press, that in the event of the nomination of William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan for the presidency, by their respective parties, the Republican aspirant would land successfully in the White House. The incident is here referred to as typifying the second sight of both of these men as political prognosticators. The Saturday preceding the opening of the Republican National Convention several men sat around a luncheon table at the Jonathan Club and the discussion was on the prospective Republican vice-presidential nomination, which at the time was very much in the air. Some one turned to Searl, who is considered something of a political oracle, and asked his opinion. "It will be a New York man," said Searl, "and my impression is that his name is Sherman."

James Schoolcraft Sherman.

Nowhere in California was the nomination of James S. Sherman for the vice-presidency received with more enthusiasm than at the Sherman Institute for Indians at Riverside. It may not be generally known, but this Institute takes its name from the candi-



FAMILY TRADE SOLICITED

Phones, Sunset East 66 Home Ex. 942

date for the vice-presidency. Mr. Sherman is chairman of the House Committee on Indian affairs, and he has been recognized for years as the special champion of "Lo, the Poor Indian."

Waters for Sherman.

One of Mr. Sherman's close personal friends in Los Angeles is R. J. Waters, former Congressman, who is now president of the Citizens National Bank. When in Congress Mr. Waters voted for Sherman for the Speakership.

Bill Boards.

Mrs. J. F. Kanst, who is chairman of the billboard committee of the Civic Association, is the recognized leader in Southern California of the anti-billboard campaign. It is therefore with pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of these words of encouragement of Mrs. Kanst: "I have noticed in several issues of the 'Graphic' lately, interesting articles on the billboards. Many thanks. Keep the good work up. Every word of endorsement helps."

Catalina's Guests.

This is the season of the year when globe trotters galore gather at Catalina Island. July and August are pre-empted by local people but June belongs to "foreigners." Among interesting English people now congregated at Hotel Metropole are Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stinson, who for the past several years have been journeying from place to place the wide world over. Leaving their English home in Lancashire last October they visited Australia and various South Sea Islands, reaching Southern California in March. After spending some time at the Raymond they went across the channel to

Catalina for a couple of days. They were at once charmed with Avalon and as its beauties grew upon them from day to day they sent across for their baggage and determined to remain for a week or two. That was three months ago and still they linger. Every day, and frequently twice a day, they join the fishing brigade as enthusiastic anglers as may be found on the island. Mr. Stimson declares that he shall not be satisfied to leave the island till he captures one of those famous big jew fish that he has heard so much about. He visited Los Angeles thirty-seven years ago, when it was a little Spanish town with one-story adobe buildings. He has journeyed several times around the world, seldom lingering longer than a few days or, at most, weeks in one place—till he reached Catalina.

Hitting the Trail.

J. W. Long of Chicago, Jack London's friend and companion on his recent trip to Tahiti in the Snark, has been a guest at the Metropole for ten days. He met with an accident the other day which cut short his visit. While on a goat hunting expedition in the interior of the island Mr. Long, in an attempt to be both daring and gallant, came to grief. One of the young ladies of the party lost her back comb and Mr. Long endeavored to recover it from the trail without dismounting. In accomplishing this vaquero act he fell from his horse and sat down on his hand with such force that several bones were broken and he departed on the steamer that same day for Los Angeles and surgical attention.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Wanted—the Winner.

When Sharkey, the pugilist, was at the zenith of his fame, after being knocked out by Fitzsimmons in four rounds (receiving the decision), and after having the decision given against him when fighting Jeffries in New York, he used to frequent a certain restaurant in the latter little village, where he was looked upon as a hero, and received a great deal of attention. On one occasion he called for a crab. The head waiter noticed that he was dissatisfied with what was put before him, rushed up and said, "Is there anything wrong, Mr. Sharkey?" Sharkey said: "Yes, you know I like crabs, and I like the legs, and this one is two legs shy." The waiter said: "Very sorry, sir, but it's this way. The crabs are shipped to us alive in sacks. They sometimes get to fighting, and another one has bitten off two of this one's legs." "All right," said Sharkey. "Take this one away and bring me the winner."

Highways.

The Board of Supervisors is wise in calling the election for the highway bonds of \$3,500,000 for July 20. Politics has no place in this proposition, and the question has been well thrashed out in the public mind. Perhaps nineteen out of twenty men that you meet in Los Angeles favor the bonds—and Los Angeles bears the major part of the expense.

Los Angeles Brewing Co.'s



Bohemian Lager Beer

Phones: Sunset, East 820
Home, Ex. 820

J. J. Lonergan —: THE :— John Koster

NEW IMPERIAL CAFE

ENTRANCES:

243 S. Spring St.; 242 S. Broadway

Refurnished, Redecorated and Heated to Suit the Season.

Instrumental Selections and Songs by
Jess Jacobson, Alfred Tint and Phil Stebbins,
From 2 to 6:30 each afternoon and 9 to 12 each evening. Orchestra under direction of Prof. Geo. Cann, will render choice and popular selections from 6:30 to 12:45.

Engraving

Absolute correctness of form and an unvarying excellence of execution distinguish engraved cards, invitations and announcements produced at "Ye Print Shop."

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.

Next to the Ville 313 S. BROADWAY



Smokecraft Cigars



A. R. KLOEB

Distributor

244 South Broadway

"San Diego"

IN A
CLASS BY
ITSELF



FAMILIES
SUPPLIED

Iroquois Bottling Co.

EXCLUSIVE BOTTLERS FOR
LOS ANGELES

F 1646

Main 431

LEON ESCALLIER CO.

DIRECT IMPORTERS
AND WHOLESALE

LIQVOR DEALERS

PHON S:
Sunset M 653
Home A 7522

ESTABLISHED
1885

500-502 ALISO ST.

WIELAND EXTRA PALE

CHICAGO LOHENGRIK LAGER BEER



The Great Western Product
Family Trade a Specialty

Phones—Main 468; Home Ex. 468

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents.

IDYLLWILD

AMONG THE
PINESNOW
OPEN

The most restful and enjoyable spot in all Southern California in which to spend a vacation.

Easily accessible, splendid roads and trails. Idyllwild, in the Strawberry Valley, is Riverside's great natural park.

New road from Oak Cliff.

New trail up Tahquitz.

Modern Bungalow Hotel. Accommodations with or without meals.

Tents and Cottages furnished for house-keeping.

Good general store, with moderate prices. Meat market, large dairy, steam laundry, electric lights; in fact, all city conveniences right in the heart of the woods. Perfect sanitary conditions. No poison oak. Persons with lung trouble not admitted. Amusements of all kinds: horse-back riding, bowling, billiards, tennis, croquet, dancing, orchestra.

Write for illustrated booklet to

WALTER WATKINS, Mgr.
Idyllwild, Riverside County, California.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Now don't bother that pate of yours any longer, puzzling over the bathing suit question for your kiddies. Just take the lot of them into the good Boston Store, and you will find no end of suits to choose from. There are the neat knit suits for the small boy, that allow entire freedom for his wee arms and legs. Then there are the pretty little brilliantine and flannel suits, low-necked and short-sleeved or otherwise for the little lassie. The bathing suits for the coming buds come in nobby styles. You know even the bathing suits may be fashionable, and the Boston suits have a certain "air" about them that is most pleasing. One pretty suit I noticed was in blue brilliantine, with wide, braid-trimmed sailor collar, and ample bloomers and skirt. There are many others, just as pretty.

Have you noticed, dear girl, the increased space of stocking that is allowed to show between the hem of one's skirt and one's shoes? This calls for an unusually pretty stocking, especially with pumps, and next Monday you will have an opportunity to lay in a supply. Blackstone's are going to put on special sale fifteen hundred dozen of their Onyx stockings, in all shades and styles, for twenty-five and fifty cents. Among the fifty-centers are many pairs of silk stockings—something you don't very often run upon for the price. This is a tip not to be neglected, Harriet. You know that Blackstone's sales are the real thing, so it's up to you to come early and avoid the rush.

It won't be long until the Fourth of July, which means burned fingers and festivities. The former you know how to deal with, but for the latter drop into the art department of the Ville de Paris, and tell them what you are planning. Thereupon will be produced for your benefit a crepe tablecloth, decorated in flags, dainty napkins and pretty doilies. Then you will be shown place cards

with suitable decorations and if you are going to play cards, they have tally cards which are entirely in keeping for the occasion. To add to the general gayety you should get the favor-serviettes—pretty crepe things dotted with flags and rolled up in a patriotic ring. Hidden in this are the German favors, each one of which is different. And apart from the Fourth I have some other good news for you. Remember your woe-ful tale of the fountain pen that leaked all over your hand bag? Well, the Ville has the new Wirt's pen that doesn't leak whether it's top-tilted or not. It is certainly a boon to women-folk who haven't a vest pocket, and I mean to possess myself of one very shortly.

"Warmly" yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa Street, June twenty-third.

Test of Years.

Rear-Admiral William T. Swinburne's host of friends all along the Coast are delighted that he is to command the Pacific Squadron for another two years. Until the appointment was made Admiral Swinburne's fate hung in the balance. Under the ordinary rules his retirement was scheduled for next fall, and the coveted command of the Pacific Squadron lay between three anxious competitors. Admiral Swinburne, like General Chaffee, supplies a striking exception to the rule that it is the part of wisdom for the country to retire its officers from active service after they have passed the three-score mark. The admiral does not look a day over 45 and is hale, hearty and active, capable of a better and harder day's work than most men twenty years his junior. Los Angeles has been only too glad to avail herself of General Chaffee's services, and his energy will be invaluable in building the Owens River conduit. The test of actual term of years obviously is not always satisfactory to determine a man's usefulness in active service. Under the age limit, Admiral Swinburne's date of retirement is August 24, 1909.

Deborah's Diary

Mrs. George G. Young of New York. The bride, who was Miss Juliette Hogan of Los Angeles, is a well known singer, and was soloist in the Westlake Methodist Church for some time before her departure for Gotham a year ago in quest of vocal culture. It was there she met her future husband, a handsome New Yorker, who wooed and won the fair California singer.

W. B. Tuttle, the genial clerk of the Natick House, took his bride to Catalina for their honeymoon. Mrs. Tuttle is an accomplished angler, and landed a fine barracuda the other day.

Down in the eucalyptus grove in one of the picturesque Island Villa tents, is another bridal pair, J. H. Nordlin and wife, who are enjoying their honeymoon on the island.

J. M. Root, ex-pugilist, and his pretty Chicago bride, spent Sunday at the Metropole, and the bridal phalanx was further increased by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bell, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Davey of Los Angeles. A. J. Barclay and bride have come

CARDS

Leaving cards is one of the most important of social observances, as it is the ground work or nucleus in society of all acquaintanceship; it is the first step towards forming a circle of acquaintances, and the neglect of this social duty, or the improper performance of it, or the non-fulfillment of the prescribed rules would result in the probable loss of desired acquaintanceship, or in the risk of being characterized as unrefined.

Our Department of Stationery offers every facility for the engraving of Visiting Cards. Our book on Card Etiquette may be had upon request.

Brook & Feagans
JEWELERS

437-439-441 BROADWAY



A. GREENE & SON

Exclusive Ladies' Tailors
107 1/2 North Main Street



BEN-Z-NOL

Non-Inflammable
Non-Explosive Benzine.

THE ABSOLUTELY
SAFE AND
RELIABLE

For removing stains, paints or grease-spots from silk, cloth, woolsens, lace, gloves or any kind of fabric. Warranted to leave no rings.

A boon to hotels, apartments and such other places where the use of inflammable cleansing fluids is prohibited.

BEN-Z-NOL surpasses all other cleansing fluids in efficiency and, unlike others, cannot possibly cause any injury, even to the most delicate fabrics, the hands or skin.

For sale by all druggists
PRICES:—15c and 25c per bottle

If your druggists cannot supply
you please notify us.

BOBRICK CHEMICAL CO.

Sole Manufacturers

111-117 GAREY STREET, COR. EAST FIRST STREET

Phone—Home A 2462

down from the classic shades of Berkeley to enjoy their honeymoon in a cosy cottage, which they have engaged for the season.

San Franciscans are much in evidence at the big hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Van Luven and daughter, Mildred, spent last week at the Metropole. Mr. Van Luven is one of the officials of the Union Trust Company of San Francisco, and has been enjoying a fortnight's vacation in Southern California. As regularly as the boat left did he fix his departure day by day, and yet he lingered on, lured by the fishing and the numerous charms of Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint, Jr., are automobiling in the northern part of the State.

Mrs. Edward B. Tufts returned this week from San Francisco.

Recent arrivals of Angelenos at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, include S. F. Sheldon, Martin Schneider, A. C. Brode, C. Manwaring, C. P. Mason, Miss Marks, Dr. Edwards, H. D. Martin, D. B. Rose, Frederic Pabst, J. G. Bullock, Harrison Albright, J. B. Holzclaw, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Reed, E. W.

Whenever a Jeremiah raises his voice about the playhouses of today, and asserts that the drama has gone into decadence since the Syndicate became all powerful, his lamentations usually fall flat among scoffers. "Fogy," "old-fashioned," "out of date," are the least opprobrious terms applied to him. Disciples of the Ibsen cult, devotees of the problem play, champions of the unclean and the suggestive—the "moderns" if you please—may jeer as much as suits them, but the whole story of the decadence and commercialism of the drama is related in telling fashion in the history of the life of Franklin C. Bangs, the actor who died a few days ago. Mr. Bangs was once a member of the Drew company at the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. At various times in his life he had supported Booth and Barrett, and Lester Walleck and Adelaide Neilson, and Fechter, and E. L. Davenport. He had played Mark Antony to Davenport's Brutus, and Barrett's Cassius. Yet in the end he played the Canon of St. Magdalen's in that infamously smutty play, "The Secret Orchard." And yet the "moderns" will have it that there has been no decadence!

Jane Grey, the new leading woman of the Belasco, has a difficult task before her—to fill the place of the late Alice Treat Hunt, and with the remembrances of Lillian Albertson lingering about the theater. The Belasco people engaged her through the agency of Bellevs & Gregory. Her home is in Ticonderoga, N. Y., and she has been with the Manhattan Stock Company of Yonkers, N. Y., and with Howard Hall in the title role of a sketch called "Betty" at Keith's Theater, in Newark, N. J.

Florence Oakley, 18 years old, is to be starred by David Belasco. She is understood to be the latest prodigy uncorked by Belasco.

French and English Models

Special Creations
for the Individual

Beach

APPROVAL
SOLICITED

Exclusive Women's Hatter

346 South Broadway

Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert S. Wright, Mrs. Wm. Wright, Mrs. F. C. Howes, Miss Alma Howes, Miss B. Chanslor, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crosby.

Bay City, with its two fine bays and its mile of magnificent ocean front, is becoming a favorite resort for picnic parties. Last Saturday Christ Church Sunday School spent the day at Anaheim Landing; Tuesday the South Pasadena Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school will picnic at the same

place, and on Thursday the South Pasadena Methodist Sunday School. On the Fourth there will be dancing and fireworks. The system of electric street lights with ornamental globes is now installed at Bay City, in keeping with the substantial and up-to-date character of its other improvements. The pavilion at the foot of Main street, at the shore end of the big pier, is glass enclosed, and admirably adapted for dancing or conventions, and similar gatherings. The Hotel Bay View is open.

On the Stage and Off

After six weeks of darkness, the Grand reopens Sunday for a season of musical comedy. There are so many grades and varieties of this article that the average theatergoer has come to judge the quality of any prospective show by the reputation of the house in which it appears, and the names attached to it. The result is all too often expressed in the monosyllable "stung." There have been musical comedies presented here within the shortest memory that were no more worth two dollars than a nickelodeon is worth two dollars. After paying a minimum of one dollar for local musical shows, there will be considerable skepticism when Manager Drown promises just as good shows as ever struck Broadway at a popular price. But the wise ones will remember that the Orpheum management also controls the Grand, and the Orpheum has the reputation of giving the best of its kind, whatever the kind may be. When the Grand was in the "thriller" business I am willing to stand behind the statement that the Grand "thrillers" were the acme of attainment in that line, and shall be greatly disappointed if the same rule does not apply to the new undertaking.

There are many rumors regarding the future of musical comedy here, among others, that the Grand is the first of a circuit covering the Coast, to be established in the event of success here. The only ascertained fact in this connection is that the Princess in San Francisco, operated by the Orpheum people as a musical comedy house, has been an immense success, and that the Grand and the Princess will co-operate in every possible way, even to the exchange of artists and comedians.

Everyone who likes musical comedy, and it is of record that there are the best patronized attractions sent out by the syndicate, will welcome the innovation at the Grand.

The company, though not composed of celebrities, is recruited from the ranks of the best musical comedy companies in the East.

I am going to attend the opening of the Gayety Company on Sunday, and expect to see there a good many hundreds who have carefully avoided the Grand during the past four years. I look for a return of the days when the Grand, as the Orpheum, was the most popular amusement house in Los Angeles.

From a scenic point alone the new play at the Burbank is worth seeing. No expense has been spared to make its effects veritable gems. It is a play which concerns people of wealth, and it needs no stretch of imagination to associate its views with millionaires. Throughout, the mountings are superb.

Oliver Morosco and C. W. Bachman have written a play worth while in "A Society Pilot." The plot of the drama has the charm of originality. Ned Singleton, a young bachelor member of the mystical New York Four Hundred, finds himself a bankrupt. Among his creditors is one Colonel Winstanley, a degenerate Englishman, who threatens to become disagreeable. When matters look their darkest, William Mason, an uncouth Texan cattle king, makes his appearance, and offers Singleton a partnership and a goodly sum of money, on condition that Singleton pilot the Mason family into the inner circles of society. Feeling himself a despicable cad, Singleton is nevertheless forced to accept, and becomes the paid escort of Eleanor, Mason's charming daughter. The girl is, of course, ignorant of her father's scheme, and does not know that Singleton has promised her father that there is to be no "love-making." But the inevitable result of procreancy follows. He falls in love with Eleanor, and defends her against the machinations of Col. Winstanley. By this time his

position has become unbearable, and he puts an end to the agreement that has made him a society pilot. When Eleanor encourages him to tell her of his love, he is forced to confess his unworthiness to ask for her hand. At first she bitterly condemns him, then realizing his worth, pleads for him to her father, until the old man comes nobly to the rescue, and Eleanor finds her haven in Ned's arms.

It is a plot worthy Clyde Fitch. The acts are logically worked out to their climaxes, and denote a thorough familiarity with theatrical demands. The authors have painted broadly; at times a bit crudely. Their characters stand boldly out, but they need a trifle of froth, a spicy bit of repartee now and then to bridge over the crudities. And their obvious appeals to the gallery should be ruthlessly blue penciled. At times they paint with a warmly human touch, at others they wander off into the fields of melodrama—to wit: the unnatural and impossible climax of the second act. What the play needs is the touch of a "society" writer; the light, somewhat aimless brilliancy that marks "Smart Set" stories occasionally. The folk who people "A Society Pilot" are characters of good, red blood, but the atmosphere in which the authors have laid their scenes demand less of unbridled vigor and more of the dilettante's airs and graces. Naturally the play needs retouching—its angles need smoothing, and the extemporaneous verse-making of the rivals in the second act should be "cut out."

The third act ends in masterly fashion. Winstanley speaks slightly of Eleanor—and in a moment, forgetting all the polish that environment has given him, Singleton returns to the primitive and chokes Winstanley. There is no word spoken, save Winstanley's smothered appeal. Back of the scenes a man sings softly a love-song, which rings with weird effect through the room. Finally Winstanley falls, apparently dead, on a couch, and Singleton's senses return to him. Horror-stricken, he turns off the lights, leaving the room bathed in the red glow of the fire. From his desk he produces a revolver and is about to shoot himself, when, stayed by the opportune arrival of his confidential valet and Miss Mason, Singleton passes the revolver to his man, and turning, hides his face against the mantel. There is one shuddering sob as the old servant drops to his knees—and the curtain falls. It is a powerful dramatic effect, and sets one's nerves tingling with its appeal to the deep hidden uncivilized instincts that lie in the souls of every mother's son of us.

The drama is given a fitting production by the Burbank Company. The women delight in any number of beautiful gowns; in one scene Blanche Hall's appearance provoked a spontaneous outburst of applause that was a sincere tribute. William Desmond plays Ned Singleton with a boyish charm that seems to be a new accomplishment. It is a character well within his grasp, and he plays it with a conservatism that is somewhat foreign to his usual style. A truly aristocratic German baron is created by Harry Mestayer. Played on broad lines, this part would border burlesque, but in Mestayer's hands it is given a simplicity and a delicacy of comedy that is delicious. All too brief are the appearances of H. J. Ginn as Weston. While a minor role, it is vital to the drama, but played in other than the gray, pathetic man-

ner of Ginn, would lose its effect.

Eleanor is a charming creature as pictured by Blanche Hall; and no less winsome is the Estelle of Elsie Esmond, and the Phoebe of Maude Gilbert. Louise Royce is at her best as Mrs. Mason, but the playwrights have erred sadly in drawing this character. The "Mrs. Malaprop" trick has been overworked, and Mrs. Mason's vigorous personality needs toning down. But this is a mistake easily remedied.

"A Society Pilot" is a good, clean, American play—a play of which its authors may well be proud.

It is a difficult task to review "Rosmersholm"—the task of a layman looking at the handiwork of a master. "Rosmersholm" is, with one exception, a masterpiece. Perhaps it were cavilling, but surely the last act would gain in impressiveness were the play to end when Rosmer and Rebecca go hand-in-hand to find peace in the mill race. Mme. Helseth's appearance is an anti-climax. Aside from this, the drama astounds one with its dramatic perfection. Bit by bit Ibsen builds—a word here, a phrase there, each of distinctive value, each vital to continuity. There are no tiresome explanations. What the audience is required to know is told them naturally. Ibsen has credited his public with an ability to see without a microscope; he has steered clear of the rocks of obviousness. The thread of the story is never lost; it unravels without knot or snarl. There is a dearth of action that would be condemned in another play. But the subtle, quiet power of the dialogue, the gradual development of each character, the gleams of dry humor, the gray veil of tragedy, hold one tense until, when the curtain falls, one is weary with the stress of interest. It is as though one stood without in the darkness and peered into a lighted room where the intimate details of life were being revealed.

The plot is a somber one, perhaps, and yet it is not dispiriting. The recital of its theme could not do justice to it. It is a thing of intricate simplicity, with so much beneath the surface that the witnessing of a single performance cannot reveal half its significance.

It is difficult to imagine a better interpretation than that given by the Manhattan players. It was a foregone conclusion that Mrs. Fiske would imagine Rebecca West as Ibsen himself must have conceived her. There is no "tearing of the passions" with Mrs. Fiske. Just as Ibsen builded the play does she mold the character of Rebecca, with the same delicate network of carefully drawn lines. The calculating shrewdness of the Rebecca who schemed to marry Rosmer is barely suggested to our imagination, yet we find ourselves knowing her perfectly. The other Rebecca is entirely without demonstration, yet we realize the infinite tenderness, almost maternal in its depth, that she feels for Rosmer. Where another actress would have shrieked and stormed in the confession scene, this admirable artist sits quietly in her chair, making us feel that she is Rebecca. Her words do not come smoothly; she hesitates, her hands twitch nervously; there is an utter, weary realization of the uselessness of Rebecca's efforts that is wondrously effective. It is a character that lack of perception would make tawdrily theatrical; in Mrs. Fiske's interpretation it is a

living, magnetic woman who is "truly a daughter of Eve."

Fuller Mellish, as Rector Kroll, is a capital actor—the sort that "grows on one." Quaint enough in appearance to have stepped from a Dickens novel, his Kroll is brilliantly imagined—so brilliantly as to leave his fellow actors in the shadow. Singularly, like Hobart Bosworth in voice and gesture is Arthur Forrest, who essays the character of John Rosmer. The part calls for the childlike simplicity of the gentle-hearted, and Forrest succeeds in its interpretation only when he forgets theatric artifice. Truly Ibsen-like is Ulric Brendel, the dreamer or dreams, and capitally played by Albert Brunning.

"Rosmersholm" has been called a tragedy, but surely that is a misnomer. We feel nothing but a sympathetic satisfaction that Rosmer and Rebecca should seek their long rest in the millrace. We know they have yielded to the inevitable, and that they have found the one way to "unravel the master knot of human fate." And we wonder and wonder again at the marvelous art of the playwright.

Not often can the Orpheum boast an attraction in the class of Madame Mauricia Morichini. Many and varied are the singers labeled "prima-donna," who adorn the vaudeville stage, but the majority of these are "has beens" or "never was's." We have grown used to singers whose personal pulchritude and convulsive contortions rob their efforts of enjoyment. Therefore this dark-haired beauty, with her demure profile and soft eyes, being good to look upon from the most critical viewpoint, might be forgiven a bad voice. But when she sings with a voice of velvet richness, and takes her high notes without effort, she is assured of double triumph. The selections from grand opera with which she favors us are exquisite, but when she sings "Home, Sweet Home," with the familiar words taking on a liquid, delicious ripple in her quaint pronunciation, her victory is complete—and it is no small thing for an Italian singer to win the gallery gods of a vaudeville house.

If you like to laugh and laugh heartily, go and see Will Cressy play "The Wyoming Whoop," the latest success from the prolific Cressy pen. The man has an unlimited fund of dry, sly humor, and in the "Opie Read" character of Judge Hodges, is so natural and matter-of-fact that one forgets he is acting. Aply seconding his efforts, is his wife as "a actorine." The scene of Cressy's sketch will appeal especially to newspaper men, and boasts a hand press that must have been rescued from the flood by Noah.

There is a superfluity of "skits" this week. Wilbur Mack and Company offer a new sketch that arouses the risibilities of the onlookers, and George Beane and his wife allow a cunning, curly-headed youngster to run away with "A Woman's Way."

Rightly named "musical grotesques" are the Dixon Brothers. They "draw sweet strains" from the most outlandish instruments, ranging from lunch baskets to a skeleton. We could do without the Rockaway-Conway team, and Bertie Heron's hopelessly vulgar turn, and perhaps would enjoy the rapid fire comedy of the Smith-Campbell duo, did they not following so discordantly after the charming Morichini.

Crusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Fischer's—There are a host of laugh-making situations in "On the Sly," Richard Cummings' comedy at Fischer's next week. "Jones" and "Hatch," two old cronies, entertain a pretty actress at a dinner given in Jones' home during the absence of Mesdames Jones and Hatch. The premature return of these ladies, together with the arrival on the scene of the actress's husband, makes it warm for the married-bachelors, and their troubles are many before the final adjustment of matters. Miss Bessie Tannehill will sing "Mexico;" Miss Nellie Montgomery, "Monkey Land," and Evan Baldwin, "The Olden Days," the chorus assisting in all three selections. Dick Cummings, Willis West, Miss Pearl Jardinere, Miss Ethel Jones, and Herb Bell, with the soloists mentioned, complete the cast.

Orpheum—Madame Morichini remains another week at the Orpheum, furnishing, in the estimation of the musically inclined, the feature of the program. She will be heard in new operatic numbers. The headliner for the week will be Willy Pantzer, a well-known member of the famous acrobatic family of that name.

BLANCHARD HALL STUDIO BUILDING
Devoted Exclusively to Music, Art, Science.
Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest
Studio building in the West. For terms and all in-
formation apply to F. W. BLANCHARD.
233 So. B'way, 232 So. Hill St. Los Angeles, Cal.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE

Sixth and Main Sts. Phones 1270

Beginning Sunday Afternoon
SECOND BIG WEEK
OF

"A Society Pilot"

Matinees every Sunday and Saturday, 10c
and 25c. Evenings, 10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

BELASCO THEATRE Belasco, Mayer & Co.
Proprietors.

Main St. bet. Third & Fourth.
Main 3380 Phones Home 267

LAST TIME SUNDAY OF

"The Girl of the Golden West"

BEGINNING MONDAY

"BOB JONES OF YALE"

Regular Belasco Prices prevail. Every
night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursdays and
Saturdays, 25c to 75c.

With a splendidly trained company he is presenting an acrobatic novelty that is just a little in advance of the rank and file of the acrobatic profession. Dewitt, Burns and Torrance present a pantomime, "The Awakening of the Toys." Felix, Berry and Berry have a comedy entitled "The Boy Next Door." Irving Jones promises real coon songs. Smith and Campbell, those hilarious comedians, have a new offering for their second week. George A. Beane & Co., who are distinguished by a third week's engagement, will present a new comedy sketch, "Sheriff Stork," a story of real life, with its scene and characters drawn from the mountains of Tennessee. Dixon Brothers, the clever musical clowns, complete the program.

Grand—The first offering by the Gayety Company at the Grand, commencing Sunday matinee, will be "The Rounders." This is not the old and somewhat too well known piece of that name, but an entirely new production, for which the book has been written by W. H. Lytell, director of the company, the music being by Kirk Patrick, whose name appears on the program as musical director. The Rounders is presented in two scenes, the first being Madison Square Garden, and the second the Hungarian Rathskeller. Seventeen musical numbers, including the latest popular hits, are programmed. "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," "Be Good, But if You Can't be Good, be Careful," "Ballooning in an Automobile," "The Human Night Key of New York," and "Little Red Petticoat," are among the offerings. A feature of the piece that will certainly excite interest and comment is the kiss duet from "The Waltz Dream," which will be given by Miss Blondell and Mr. Giblyn. Miss Edna Sidney, leading soprano, will sing "The Gibson Man," and "I've Taken Quite a Fancy to You." The latter of these is Alice Lloyd's latest success, and has never been heard here by any singer of reputation.

One of the features of the Venice Chautauqua which will be of interest to the Los Angeles people will be the excellent musical representation from this city on that program. For the opening concert the Woman's Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. Harley Hamilton, will give one of their best concerts, with Miss Blanche Ruby, as soprano soloist, and Miss Elizabeth Jordan, piano soloist. Mr. Kingsley will act as organist for the incidental music, besides giving his interesting talk on "Parsifal," with the necessary introduction of motifs. Harry Clifford Lott and his gifted wife will do duo work, and be assisted in chamber concert work by Herr Arnold Krauss, violinist, and Ludwig Opid, 'cellist. The quartette work of these people has become well and favorably known throughout the southern part of California. Mrs. Marie S. Tupper will give her interpretations of "Love Letters of a Musician," with incidental music, and Miss Bessie Bartlett will give her reading of Lohengrin, with piano accompaniment.

The Orpheus Club gives its third concert of the season at Simpson Auditorium on June 30, under the direction of J. P. Dupuy. The club will be assisted by Miss Faith Nash, contralto, and Mrs. Ada Marsh Chick, organist. Solos will be sung by Leroy Jepson and Robert M. Granger, members of the club.

The Chutes

Lehigh Investment Co.
ADMISSION TEN CENTS.

The Greatest Amusement Park in the World.

FREE RIDES

On the Chutes, Miniature Railway and Merry-go-Round, Free Vaudeville every afternoon and evening.

FREE DANCING PAVILION

Dancing every Evening and Sunday afternoons. Societies and Lodges can make arrangements for exclusive use by giving one week's notice. Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

ORPHEUM THEATRE SPRING STREET,
Bet. Second & Third
Both Phones 1447

VAUDEVILLE

Commencing Monday Matinee, June 29

Willy Pantzer & Company,
Europe's Greatest Novelty Acrobats
De Witt, Burns & Torrance,
In a Pantomimic Comedy

Felix & Barry,

Assisted by Emily Barry in "The Boy Next Door"

Irving Jones,

Coon Songs and Comedy

Smith & Campbell,

Dixon Brothers,

Rapid Fire Comedians

Musical Clowns

George A. Beane & Co.,
In a New Playlet, "Sheriff Stork"

Orpheum Motion Pictures.

Another Week Only

Madame Mauricia Morichini,

Famous Coloratura Soprano in Operatic Selections

Matinee Every Day

GRAND OPERA HOUSE THE HOME OF
MUSICAL COMEDY

Main Street Between First and Second.
Main 1967 Phones Home A 5137

Commencing Sunday Matinee, June 28

THE GAYETY COMPANY

Presenting the Mirthful Musical Melange

"The Rounders"

Book by W. H. Lytell; Music by Kirk Patrick

A Company of Forty—Mostly Girls

A Chorus of Thirty

Music—Comedy—Dancing

A Two-Dollar Show at Popular Prices

FISCHER'S THEATRE E. A. FISCHER
Manager

Home A 6968 119-121 W. First St., Sunset Main 4044

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 22

"THE HALF-BREED"

New Song Hits, Advanced Vaudeville Numbers, and the latest Moving Pictures. Matinees daily, except Friday Ladies' Souvenir Matinee Thursday. Friday, Amateur night, always a hit Prices, 10c and 20c. Reserved Seats, 25c Evening Shows at 8 and 9:30.

Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

An enjoyable visit to the studio of Benjamin Chambers Brown, 120 N. El Molino avenue, Pasadena, develops the fact that this well-known artist has been working very industriously since he gave his last exhibition in Los Angeles. No man who works hard, has high aims in art, can help but advance. It's a long road to travel, for true art and anything worth while can only be accomplished by hard work, combined with intelligent and careful study, through all the difficult phases with which one is confronted. No one realizes more than the actual worker himself the failures, and how far short of the true aim he may have fallen, and through this realization does he at last attain the final goal to be reached. Some are egotistical, some very much so, and yet many are unassuming and retiring. Mr. Brown is one of the latter class—an artist full of sentiment and poetry; one who sets aside the coarse and ruthless for the poetical rhythm of composition and color, especially of color, for in this he excels, having a genius and consequent love for the rendering of the landscape that is redolent with rich tones, a song of color. Among the delightful canvases shown by this artist there were many that were real gems of color, pleasing in composition, and beautifully balanced, with a splendid appreciation and understanding of values. It may be truly said he has chosen his own path, his own law, and has been but little influenced by others, consequently he has a style all his own. On account of a not too robust health, and a natural tendency for retirement, Mr. Brown works alone; a man with strong convictions and large caliber, he forges ahead without the stimulus of co-

workers. The great world of nature is so overwhelming that it is very apt to paralyze both action and speech in some; and to approach Dame Nature in her grandest attire and deepest moods requires a soul unafraid. Mr. Brown's rendering of the Grand Canyon shows how strongly he possesses the attribute of being at one with the other theme, whether it be grandioso or a simple ballad.

In the many well rendered canvases shown by this artist, one, a sunset at Elysian Park, was of exceptional charm, excellent in composition, glorious in color and exquisite in its poetical rendering. Another, showing the foothills from a valley, with the last glow of sun blushing over the tops of the hills, was splendid, and would be sure to obtain recognition if exhibited abroad. A moonlight, with a gentle breeze swaying some eucalyptus trees, was very fine indeed, a rare bit of color, full of movement and tenderness, and beautiful in its vibration; one can almost hear the gentle murmur of the trees as they sway in the soft summer breeze. In strong contrast to his oil landscapes was his large collection of water color sketches, from travels abroad. True and accurate of their individual localities, showing a power for good and quick draughtsmanship, there was also a tender feeling, knowledge and appreciation for that charming medium that was well understood and conveyed. It was a great delight to see these charming little sketches, but the greatest surprise of all was some portraits and nude work in oils that were strong and good. The portraits, which showed academical training, were good in color, but for real flesh tones all were surpassed by a nude female figure seated on the edge of a pool; it was exquisite in its flesh rendering; we could feel that if it were touched an exclamation would be heard from the figure, so natural it was. It seems from this a pity that Mr. Brown did not continue in figure and portraiture, yet he is essentially a landscapist. He intends to hold an exhibition in Los Angeles in the early fall, which will be eagerly looked forward to by many.

An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Fullerton Mocine was opened in the Blanchard Art Galleries last Thursday, June 25, which will remain for two or three weeks. Mr. Mocine is a native of the West Coast, having been born in Oregon. There are fifty oils and ten drawings shown in this collection, which give the intelligent observer a full and comprehensive idea of what Mr. Mocine is aiming for. By the casual observer, or more correctly speaking, the untrained masses, the pictures may not be well understood from the fact that they are the opposite to what has been generally shown, belonging to the realistic school, which paint nature in all her gay moods, giving us also a wealth of detail. Not so with Mr. Mocine's work; we are with an artist who looks at nature in a very individual manner, but perhaps akin to that of the Barbizon school, with Daubigny as the star. To manifest the particular choice in art that this artist has, requires immense strength of purpose, determination and force; not only to accomplish one's

grand and final aim, but to resist being influenced by others and what we see others doing. This fact can hardly be appreciated without considering that in the first place an artist must necessarily be extremely sensitive, and therefore susceptible to the slightest impression. The keener this is, the greater the artist, otherwise he could not reproduce that which he sees as reflected through his own soul, which makes it individually his own. Consequently with this great power of reception and of absorption of everything around, it takes unusual strength and power to eliminate that which we do not wish to express. In Mr. Mocine's work we recognize one who loves to work in a low key, with a simple palette, and one who believes in eliminating as far as possible the detail, for the better assurance of breadth, and a certain force of direct painting. One glance at the exhibition will show that this artist is not catering to the general public, who, as a mass, rejoice in high colors and flamboyant expressions, but is one who has a conviction and ideals of his own; a style, a quality well understood and admired with enthusiasm by the educated artist, the connoisseur, and a few laymen, but not by the masses. In consequence, he may have to endure the indifference of an over-excited and high-keyed public in these times of extremes and gaudy colors. We admire the sincerity and force with which these canvases have been painted by one with this unusual determination to work out a chosen road in art, one who understands thoroughly the difference between an avowed purpose and eccentricity or affectation. There are no tricks in his painting, but straight, honest work, expressing his own interpretation of the song of nature.

There are many gems worthy of the connoisseur's attention, notably a view of Notre Dame, looking down the Seine, in the winter months; St. Nicholas Kirk, Amsterdam; Old Water Gate, Amersport; Old Monnikendam Tower, Amsterdam; St. Graveland, Canal Town, Holland; several excellent canvases of old Roman bridges in Spain; a specially good canvas of a cabbage field in Holland; a fine canvas, beautiful in tone, and excellent in atmosphere, of the Luxembourg, showing the Pantheon in the distance; it was painted during the early hours of a spring morning, rendering admirably that peculiar quality of time and place. There are several very clever pictures, giving us pictorial scenes of the Zuider Zee; also several canvases of the dunes, of which Mr. Mocine is specially fond. Another well painted picture is of a hermitage near Toledo. Several interesting paintings are of Port St. Michael, Laren, near Amsterdam; Isle of St. Louis, doorways in Toledo; but the largest and most important which are hung in the place of honor are "Oak Knoll by Moonrise," a fine canvas, full of low, rich tones, that are extremely pleasing and restful; and the old Mission Church at the Plaza by night, showing a fine grasp of this most difficult theme, and wonderful in its vibrations of color in a low key. This painting is specially full of mystery and poetry of a high order, and deserves the connoisseur's most careful consideration.

A Radical Change in Furniture Values

We have just established a general price reduction, covering our entire furniture stock. We have cut selling cost on every article, now offering values not less than 10 per cent better than in any other store in the city. The new prices will be maintained permanently. There will be but one selling figure—the same to everyone. Before you buy elsewhere let us prove the greater purchasing power of your money here.

Los Angeles Furniture Co.

631-33-35 SOUTH SPRING STREET
Between 6th and 7th Sts.

Beautify the Home

The final touch in a perfectly furnished house is the correct solution of the picture problem. We can help you to a correct solution.

Correct Picture Framing

KANST ART GALLERY

642 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Kanst Art Gallery, 642 South Spring street, is now exhibiting a collection of the late E. Landseer Harris' work, which will continue until July 4. Mr. Harris was a native of Rochester, New York, and one who gained a considerable local reputation. Just before his death he made an extensive tour through Europe. His first work was always in pastel, afterward taking up water color, then oils, but through all his work we feel the pastelist, strongly proving that this medium took a firm hold of him, which he could never shake off for the more perfect adaptation of the other mediums. His water color work was always done with the admixture of white, just enough to stop the transparency of the water colors, for which this class of work is generally noted, and yet not sufficient to term it gouache. The charm of his later water colors was a trick in overlaying a thin wash of tinted white on his first washes, whilst the paper was quite wet,

which gave a marvelous quality of atmosphere, but at the complete sacrifice of roundness and perspective. His sole aim seems to have been for atmosphere at the sacrifice of all other qualities. He apparently had a wonderful facility in quick sketching, and with a few rapid telling strokes put in with great understanding from long practice. His work all shows he was a very hasty and rapid worker. His later water colors show much charm, and at times are very captivating, but his earlier work savors too much of the "commercial" type. His oils are nearly all laid in in very thin washes of a transparent monotone, once in a while with a mere suggestion of color, which again, notwithstanding all the charm and spirit of excellent drawing, makes the work flat and uninteresting. There are a few exceptions to this rule where he has laid on his lights in very heavy masses, which gives a much better effect, and imparts to the work much greater interest. There are many of his

works full of charm, yet one cannot but be impressed that the artist was constantly resorting to tricks that show he was not sincere in his work, which is proved by the hasty dash they all have.

A delightful reception was given to Mrs. Helma Heynson-Jahn, the portrait painter, at her studio, 345 South Spring street, by her friend, Mrs. George Birkel. The studio was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers, which gave to Mrs. Jahn's tapestries, which hung on the walls of the studio, a fine value. The soft, dim, mysterious lighting gave effect to the fine portraits in oil that were shown by Mrs. Jahn. The antiques and many objects of art gave the whole a peculiar subtle charm, as if one was transported into one of the old castles on the Rhine. The studio was crowded with visitors, who enjoyed a tete-a-tete over a glass of punch, and the privilege of viewing Mrs. Jahn's latest work.

Autos and Autoists

BY JACK DENSHAM

San Diego, June 22.

Not a chance for much about autos this week. I was roaming around auto row when I heard that the "Lurline" was coming down here to be put on the ways and be cleaned up. It took me about half an hour to find Mr. Sinclair and place myself at his disposal as a guest. (That's a nice way to say "budded in.") Then I went home, packed my little grip and hied me to San Pedro. I climbed aboard about three bells (9:30 a.m.—you have to be nautical in a story like this) on Saturday morning, and found the captain, the crew and the guests all waiting for the launch to tow us out. The first person I met when I dived below was the one and only Alphonse. Now Alphonse's real name is McCann and he is an Irishman, but he is the gem and the more than peer of all stewards and I dubbed him Alphonse two years ago because he cooked a meal for me that was worthy of the best efforts of a French chef. Somehow the name has stuck and the cheerful Irish laugh goes with the French name. It seems that Alphonse was working in Oregon when he heard that the "Lurline" was going in the race. It took him about two minutes to throw up his job and come south and now the "Lurline" will have the one and only chef de cuisine that ever sailed a yacht. I confided to Alphonse that I should be sea-sick and he laughed and said that if I started to jingle on top of it everybody would follow suit.

Joe and the other Englishman were aboard and I had been thoughtful enough to bring a can of tobacco, so we were well fixed and everything looked good for a really jolly cruise. We cast off from the wharf a little before mid-day and then towed round the dredger and out into the open sea. I made a brave face of it at lunch and sat out the whole meal which, believe me, was a meal as served by Alphonse. By night-fall we had made scarcely thirty miles and then the wind dropped entirely. Oh, but that was a "nuit blanche." Not a breath of wind to hold her steady and the big spars sloping and jarring round till it seemed that the shock must wrench the masts out. Morn-

ing came at last and with it a thick fog and no wind. Breakfast? No. I stayed on deck and sniffed the aroma of perfectly fried bacon from a safe distance. All day long the fog held above us and the wind refused to blow. We slopped and wallowed and plunged and veered until I knew not whether my alimentary canal was up in the main cross-trees or down in the bilge. Later in the afternoon an imitation breeze came up and we crawled along until, by nine o'clock on Sunday evening, we had Point Loma light abeam and Coronado lights opening out beyond.

Once through the kelp we were in comparatively smooth water and I found my tardy sea-legs—also a huge appetite. Do you know how good hard-tack and cheese can taste? If you don't just try some after nearly two days of partial sea-sickness. About the time I was beginning to feel hungry something happened that scared me frigid for a few seconds and goes to prove how careful of everything a man has to be at sea. The order came to slack the fore-sheets and the other Englishman ran forward to let out the rope that holds the heavy foresail in bounds. The big spar or boom along the foot of the sail was swinging easily to the unsteady roll of the yacht. The O. E. looked for a chance to dodge the boom and sprang half a second too late. He went down like a nine-pin and I thought he was killed, but he jumped up again in a second with blood streaming down his face. Luckily enough the tackle had caught him a glancing blow and he had nothing worse than a bruise and a headache. I had a worse scare than when Piery Dan went through the fence.

We managed to creep into the harbor that night and dropped anchor at midnight just off the quarantine station. My, but it was good to sleep in a steady berth and not to hear the crashing and banging of spars and canvas above us. In the morning I got Mac to gather many buckets of water which he threw over me from a convenient distance, while the rest of the crew grinned and asked if the water was wet and how would I like to be the ice man. But there was no chance

to go overboard as the tide was running beyond my powers of swimming speed.

Joe and the O. E. went up town this morning and I stayed to "fix" the lunch. Notice that word "fix," observe the inner consciousness of it and then listen to my wail of woe about two cycle engines. I had stated that I knew all about the electric connections of gas engines. I do. But, after I had made the wire connections from the battery and a spark coil to the engine and found everything satisfactory, I undertook to make the bally thing run. Oh miserable me. But I made it run eventually and this is how I did it.

The launch was dropped from the davits and I began to turn her over. Oh joy! the sparker sparked, the gasoline gassed, the explosion exploded and she began to run—for about a minute. Then a grunt and a sad and serious silence. For two mortal hours I worked on that thing. Then Captain Sinclair came and sat in the boat and gave me great commendation by noting my absence of profanity. Finally we discovered that the water jacket was leaking so we repaired to lunch and then I was towed over in the launch to where there was a machine shop. The water-jacket was soon fixed, but the motor would not mote. The machinist pointed out that the level of the gasoline in the tank did not allow of the carbureter being properly fed, so I got more gasoline. Then that engine started and I dashed across the

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES—
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets
"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had"

Stearns

Motor Cars

WM. J. BATCHELDER & CO.
12th and Main

HOME PHONE F 8002

WM. C. VAUGHAN

DIAMOND MOTOR CAR CO.

Northern and Apperson
Automobiles

1211-1213 SOUTH MAIN ST.

bay flying. Four hundred yards from the wharf I hit a bed of kelp and the engine stopped as soon as the propeller naively wound a mile or so of kelp around itself. By means of plunging my arm to the shoulder into the water, I eventually cleared the propeller and then tried to start that engine. Would it start, I ask you? NO, IT WOULD NOT START. For two hours I cranked and fiddled with the carbureter. My thumb was hit by a back stroke of the crank and placed permanently out of business, my knuckles were skinned and my fingers are so sore that the tapping of the keys to write this is very painful. But hear me, ye who have gone down to the sea with two-cycle engines. I stayed by it and eventually, after much travail, made the bestial thing go. When I reached the ways, the "Lurline" was high and dry at the head of the railway and I just had strength enough to climb the ladder and yell for the water bottle. Here is where I get even with that engine by means of a profane jingle.

The Moan of the Weary Gasengeer.

"A two-cycle engine" right blithely I cried,
"Of course I can make the thing go.

It's simple enough when you know how it works,

Let me in there and give me a show."

So I jumped in the launch and I cranked with a vim,

And fussily fussed with the gear,
But just one explosion was all I could get—
It sounded to me like a sneer.

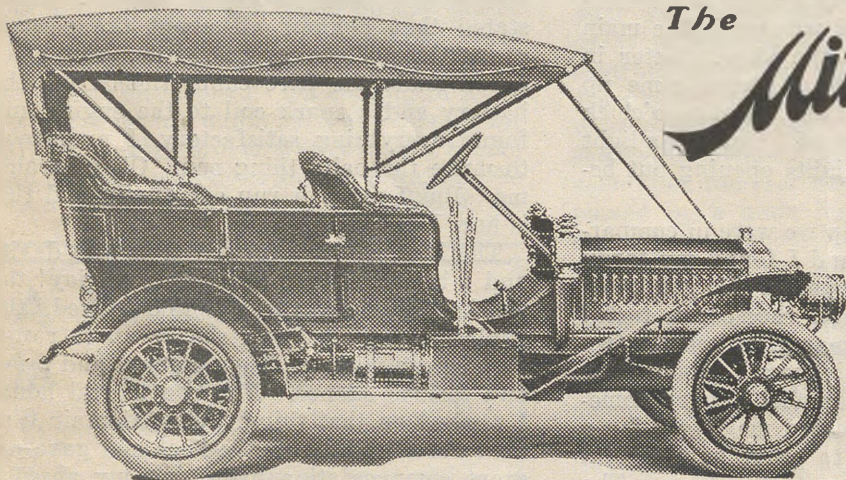
"Oh, who was the man who invented this thing?

I'm an Englishman, am I to blame?"
I cried in my wrath as I nursed my poor thumb—

I think that "Hellmore" was his name.

I saw Roy Bowzer at the depot this morning. He was in a '08 four-cylinder Tourist and he looked very proud of himself and his car and quite rightly so. R. B., as you know, is the Tourist representative in San Diego, and a wide-awake person. He gravely consented to take me up town in spite of my nautical garb and asked a whole lot of questions about the yacht race instead of giving me my auto news. However, he promised to try and arrange to bring me back by auto instead of letting me pour money into the unholy coffers of the Santa Fe and I think he will try to some purpose. Joy! That will make a good story for next week. Wah Hei.

Have you heard about Bill Newerf and Walter Sahland and their incursion into Antelope Valley? No? Well, I must tell you. Bill Newerf and his father went with Walter Sahland in a brand new Tourist to Acton. Walter had an idea that he could land a farmer up there for a car so they started off in high glee. When they arrived at Acton Bill said that he had been riding on a measly old water wagon long enough and that he was going to fall off to the extent of one big glass of beer. This was very reasonable so they bombarded the local nose-paint emporium and washed away the dust of the roads with Maier's Select. Then Walter espied a slot machine. It was one of those five-thousand-to-one-odds-against-you-things into which silly people drop quarters and nickels in order to see the wheels go round and listen to a fleeting bar of sporadic "music" that tinkles within the innards of the machine. History and Bill do not relate how many nickels went into the slot when Walter said, "Hey, wait a minute; I have a system that I think I can beat the thing with." They tried the system and it was a failure. The nickels would not nick and Walter quit when he found that thirty-five cents would not produce any results. Then Bill had a great idea. He produced a quarter and stated that he would put it in the two-bit machine and that they would all grow suddenly rich. But Walter argued with him: "Give that quarter to me, Bill," he implored. "I will keep it for you as in a bank and some day when you are broke I will hand it to you and remind you how I grabbed it from the greedy maw of the slot machine. If you will not give it to me, buy three beers with it and put the ten cents change in the collection on prayer-meeting night. Do not be foolish. If I with all my hoarded wealth of brain-directed experience could not, with thirty-five cents, beat the nickel machine, how can you with one quarter gain anything from the sister robber of higher denomination?" But Bill was adamant and he said very plainly that he would put one quarter into the machine. Walter walked sadly to the door and out into the



The
Mitchell

Touring Car

35 H. P.
\$2200

Four Cylinder

Every Modern Up-to-date Feature. Fills the requirements of the experienced motorist. The least expensive car to buy and to operate.

Costs Less For Repairs

GREER-ROBBINS CO.

1501 South Main Street
Phones: B 5813; Broadway 5410.



The Great Smith Car

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
CAR OF THE YEAR :-

Sounds Like a Heavy Blast—Maybe

We're Prepared to Prove It
Drop Around and Be Convinced

RENTON & WILLIAMS
MOTOR CAR CO

1150-52 South Main Street

NEW RAMBLERS

Are new in style and model—with the old-time constant service that has made 'em famous.

W. K. COWAN

832 - 34 South Spring Street

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

B4402

South 909

sunshine. Then Bill crept up and dropped his quarter into the five-dollar slot, colored white. He pressed the handle and turned away. Then the wheel stopped and a glittering avalanche of quarters fell into the scoop! Half way home, when they stopped for lunch, Bill said to Walter, "I won on that quarter—made the five dollars with it—and, Walter, it was a plugged quarter anyway." Then Walter, showing the unreasonableness of human nature, said: "Why didn't you tell me, Bill, we might have tried my system and run the machine dry."

Coming events cast their shadows before them. Freddie Pabst has been in San Diego and has enthused all the motorists here about the auto run. It is going to be a big thing, all right, and, under the new arrangements, will be all the more enjoyable for lacking the competitive features of the ordinary endurance run.

The Incomparable WHITE

A Car in a Class by Itself.

Model L \$2500 f. o. b. Cleveland

The Very Best Car For

The Money on Earth

WHITE GARAGE

H. D. RYUS, Mgr.

714 S. Broadway

BOTH PHONES Ex. 790

Los Angeles

Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS, 400-401 GROSSE BUILDING

Again there is talk of the amalgamation of the two stock exchanges, and while the move would undoubtedly be to the best advantage of all concerned, I cannot see how it would benefit the members of the older board, some of whom paid up into the thousands for their seats. The fact is the members of the selfish Goldfield contingent that fought so fiercely to keep the new board from doing a real exchange business, are knocking at the back door of the rival board for admission. The cheap mining game, the goose that laid the golden egg for the Nevadans, is ended for the time with the collapse of the Johnnie Con. balloon and tin box securities have again come into their own. This is as it should be, except that it should be more so.

Union Oil has taken a decided slump, the stock having dropped \$10 a share in a month. In view of the fact that the proposed distribution under the new conditions of about 3½ and possibly 4 for 1, for present holdings is especially attractive, the stock should be high at this time and not low.

I look for such of the Home Telephone shares as still pay, to pass their dividends before January 1. This will not mean that the securities in question are bad. It is simply impossible to secure funds for needed extensions; and all of the Homes must sooner or later come under a central management in order to conserve resources and save heavy expenditures in operation.

Bank stocks, the important industrials and nearly all of the bonds on the Los Angeles Exchange, are due to pay semi-annual dividends to holders this week—July 1. The local securities market has assumed the ordinary summer dullness.

Among the stockholders of the First National now being organized at Highgrove are A. K. Butler, F. M. Ryan, O. L. Moor-

man, W. G. Mumper, Albert J. Twogood, Thomas B. Cole, N. T. Twogood and L. Kreckel.

Newman Essick has been appointed cashier of the Commercial National of Los Angeles in place of Charles N. Flint, who retires from active business life. R. S. Heaton, formerly assistant cashier of the National Bank of the Pacific, of San Francisco, becomes assistant cashier of the Commercial National.

F. H. Thatcher, who has been connected with the Bank of Oxnard ever since it was organized, has resigned the cashiership and secretaryship of the bank to enter into business as head of the Thatcher Mercantile Co.

The Citizens Bank of Ontario has elected the following directors for the coming year: J. R. Pollock, W. W. Smith, J. P. Robertson, A. H. Rose and E. H. Richardson.

Bonds

The date of the election of Santa Barbara on the Santa Ynez water tunnel bonds of \$200,000 has been fixed for July 22.

Olinda school district, Orange County, votes July 14 on an issue of \$5000.

Alhambra will soon vote on the issuance of \$60,000 school bonds.

The city attorney of San Pedro has been directed to draw an ordinance calling a bond election to decide on an issue of \$16,000 for completion of the city hall and \$10,000 for fire department purposes.

Cochise school district, Arizona, votes July 2 on an issue of \$5000 school bonds.

Duarte school district, Los Angeles County, votes July 6 on an issue of \$15,000.

Roosevelt school district, Los Angeles

county, votes July 6 on an issue of \$2,750.

The Los Angeles board of supervisors will sell the \$10,000 issue of Monrovia, on July 6.

Bisbee, Ariz., will sell a \$92,000 issue of school bonds on July 10.

J. E. MEYER

Stocks, Bonds and Investments

Broker and Dealer in

High Grade Securities

202 Mercantile Place at Spring St.

6 Per Cent. Gold Bonds

of the American Petroleum Company. Subscription books now open.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

FINANCIAL AGENTS

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones

Main 105

A2547

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, May 14, 1908.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,362,046.31
Bonds, Securities, etc.....	2,505,862.78
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	5,127,754.51

Total\$16,995,663.60

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,539,495.77
Circulation	1,158,500.00
Bonds borrowed	100,000.00
Deposits	12,947,667.83

Total\$16,995,663.60

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand, invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank, as trustee, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

STERILIZATION

--MAKES--

LILY MILK

The Safest Milk You Can Buy

You take absolutely no risk when you use LILY MILK—the purest milk from the most famous dairy sections of the West.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to use a milk that you KNOW is free from harmful bacteria.

By thorough sterilization every possibility of infection is removed from LILY MILK.

Order a few cans from your grocer today if you would discover what real milk satisfaction is.

Pacific Creamery Co.
Los Angeles

East and Return CHEAP

Summer of 1908

Sale Dates for Eastern Points

July 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 21, 22, 23, 28 and 29; August 17, 18, 24 and 25; September 15 and 16.

Chicago	\$72.50	New York City...	\$108.50
St. Louis	67.50	Boston	110.50
Omaha	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
New Orleans	67.50	Baltimore	107.50
Kansas City	60.00	Washington, D.C.	107.50
St. Paul	73.50	Montreal	108.50
Minneapolis	73.50	Toronto	94.40
Memphis	67.50	Houston	60.00

Besides many other points.

Long time limits.

Choice of Northern or Southern Routes.

Go one way; return another.

Ask for information at City Ticket Office

600 So. Spring St., Cor. 6th
**SOUTHERN
PACIFIC**

Literary

There has appeared from the Hollenbeck Press, Indianapolis, the third and concluding volume of "The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony," by Ida Husted Harper. This final section of a narrative which is not simply a biography but a history of the woman suffrage movement in the United States, carries us from 1898 to March 13, 1906, the day of the subject's death, in her eighty-seventh year. When the first two volumes were finished, early in 1898, it was understood that if Miss Anthony lived for a number of years and the events of her life should justify a further chronicle, a third volume should be written. As it turned out, the last eight years were among the most important of her long existence in incidents and achievements, and imperatively demanded the completion of her story. The first of the more important events recorded in these pages is the meeting of an international council of women in London (1899), wherein Miss Anthony bore a distinguished part. In 1904 Miss Anthony again went to Europe in order to be present at the international council of women in Berlin. In the following year she undertook a journey to Portland, Or., where the national suffrage convention was held. In 1906 she celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday, and made her last address to a suffrage convention. A month afterward took place the funeral of America's great woman. In Susan B. Anthony passed away a woman who more than any other member of her sex personified the movement for woman's rights. Her last days were cheered by the retrospect of a long, useful and honorable life. It is now hard to realize the extent to which sixty years ago, in England and the United States, woman was the subject of unjust discrimination under the common and statute law. It was then not only customary but legal for a husband to use his wife's property as he pleased. As Miss Anthony herself reminded us, it is a fact that not many years ago if a man failed his creditors used to attack his wife's property, and often took away from her everything she possessed. Frequently also, when a woman was toiling to support her little ones, her husband or one of his creditors would collect her earnings and send her home penniless to her starving household. The father, not the mother, had the right of custody over children. Now, on the other hand, not only in New York, but in many another State of the Union, the law gives a married woman not merely the right to her own earnings, but also the guardianship of her children. So far, indeed, as New York is concerned, legislation has improved so signally the status of a married woman that, according to a familiar saying, what is her husband's is hers, and what is hers is her own. For the amazing change that has been effected in this particular during the last half century, American married women are more indebted to Susan B. Anthony than to any other member of their sex.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Baumgardt Print, 116 N. Broadway

Is "L. A. GAS" a Home Product?

The manufacturers of "L. A. GAS" cast their lot with this City in 1867, just forty-one years ago.

Would This Make "L. A. Gas" a Home Product?

Every man in our employ is a permanent resident of Los Angeles, many have lived here all their lives.

Our Consumers Today Profit by Our Long Experience

Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company

645 South Hill Street

Both Phones Exchange 3.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

May 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on February 1, 1907, made homestead entry No. 11250, for the E. 1/4 S.W. 1/4, S.E. 1/4 N.W. 1/4 and S.W. 1/4 N.E. 1/4 Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. A. Mellus, 214 S. Bay, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Frederick R. Miner, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Joe Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.; A. W. McGahan, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 30—5t. Date of first publication, May 30-'08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick R. Miner of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11285, made March 2, 1907, for the E. 1/4 of the N.W. 1/4 and the N.E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 1, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: J. R. Shaw of Norwalk, Cal.; Geo. A. Cortelyou, of Los Angeles, Cal.; W. D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; A. C. Connor, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

May 30—5t. Date of first publication May 30-'08.